

# The Nation

VOL. XXX., No. 21.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1922.

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## Events of the Week.

It seems to have been decided that the Coalition in future is to be a demi-Coalition, the Conservatives calling themselves Conservatives, and the National Liberals National Liberals. This epoch-making decision will have further results. The ration in coupons for these *demi-mondaines* is also to be in halves, Mr. George giving a certificate of health to his Nationals, and Mr. Chamberlain doing the same for his Tories; while the two gentlemen, with their associates, combine in a joint manifesto. It is thought that Lord Birkenhead, the useful and politic Mr. Churchill, and the Prime Minister himself are agreed (with Mr. Chamberlain) on this policy. It looks more like a plan for the furnishing of a bandits' cave than for the equipment of a political party; nor, we think, is it really consistent with Mr. Lloyd George's leaning to a new Middle Party, made up of recruits from Liberalism and Conservatism. Against all this jugglery the "Morning Post" is out with its weapons of scorn and invective for the Coalition, the new Nationalists, and Mr. George himself. As to the "allocation of seats," that delicate matter is practically settled. The Conservatives will keep all the National Liberal seats they have got, and ask for more.

THE Geddes Report cannot be summarized in a paragraph, and we must content ourselves with analyzing the educational provisions, which have already been subject to extremely damaging criticism. It is a document showing industry and some skill, conceived in a purely commercial spirit and method, without regard to the needs of the "spiritual capital" of the nation. If the Geddes axe cuts through, its path will, as Mr. Asquith said, be strewn with wrecks of Mr. George's "New Jerusalem," and with a litter of chips from his "homes for heroes." But there are formidable obstacles. Some members of the Government have spoken in almost open disparagement of the Report. Mr. Churchill treats it with obvious contempt and ranges himself with the Admiralty's protest, and it is now admitted that this remarkable document was issued with the Government's assent, while other branches of the Services attacked will apparently be free to make their comments public. This is Government *pour rire*; but all these humiliations spring from the Ministry's

first refusal to take responsibility for the extravagance they created and fostered. They stand between the Report and the Services, and will have to compromise with both.

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It is hard for outsiders to realize the character and extent of the educational services cut off by the Geddes Report. The raising of the school age of entrance to six is, as Mr. Asquith rightly said in Parliament, the dismissal of the nation's infants to the streets from the warmth and healthy atmosphere of the schools. The proposed increase in the size of class from thirty-two to fifty is the destruction of an essential element in the teacher's discovery of merit. The majority of schools are not even structurally suited to classes of this size, and if they are to obtain there must be bad overcrowding in the class-room. The dilemma upon this side is that rebuilding must swallow up the proposed economies, while to keep the existing schools is to impair both the child's health and the teacher's efficiency. The recommendation shows the Committee to be quite blind to the inner substance of the educational world. The Committee also proposes to abolish the small school of fewer than one hundred pupils. That, practically speaking, is to do away with a very large number of Church of England and Roman Catholic schools. Nothing is more certain than the opposition of these religious bodies to such a plan, and the Government which attempted such change would find that it had revived the old denominational war in an acute form.

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IN secondary and higher education the cuts proposed are not less disastrous. Ignoring the plain and admitted fact that for every child now in the secondary schools there are at least three clamoring and fit for admission, the Committee proposes a drastic restriction of free places and the charging of fees to those who can afford to pay them. Broadly speaking, this means a great further restriction on the number of working-class children seeking entrance to the university through the mean and narrow gate we alone leave free. It will destroy the school population coming from that class that manages to keep its children at school by the sacrifice of prospective earning power. By increasing the cost of teachers' training—particularly the residential training, which is by far the most valuable—alongside a decrease in salaries, the Committee prepares a permanent diminution both in the supply and the quality of teachers. We should fall back once more on the cheap and low-grade quality typical of the old National Society days. And as for the recommendation that scholarships from the school to the university should cease, it is nothing less than a proposal to reserve the highest education for the rich.

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BUT the crowning folly of the Report occurs (p. 116) in the discussion of the technical schools. "In many cases," says the Committee, "we feel convinced that instruction in certain subjects not connected with any future occupation is being given, and we consider that unless activities of this kind can be made self-supporting they should be rigorously curtailed." Under that head away goes the larger part of adult education. Take a specific instance. The relation of the universities and the W.E.A. in tutorial classes has been the nurse of some of the really great citizenship of our time. It is "not

connected with any future occupation"; it cannot, in a financial sense, "be made self-supporting"; yet to its high spiritual value every observer, from the Archbishop of York to the trade-union official, has borne witness. Under the Geddes axe the University Tutorial Classes will go. With it (though the Committee does not know this) will perish what is probably the greatest influence for social union there is among the workers to-day. It is not the shiftless and the unemployable who will suffer. It is the eager worker, keenly alive to the duties of citizenship and anxious for instruction in them. Here, as elsewhere, the outstanding fact in the Report is its members' dull ignorance of what their own recommendations mean.

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It is not merely in the substance of its recommendations that the Committee goes astray. Throughout the Report, it insists upon the danger of the percentage grant system, and suggests abandoning it in favor of a fixed block grant to the local authority. These men are unaware of what is known to every student of local government, that a percentage grant has been the nurse of economy and efficiency, while the fixed grant results always in mechanical administration. It has been the ability to earn grants by performance that has made the local authorities strive for adequate performance; wherever fixed revenue has been assigned there have been inertia and poor results. The truth probably is that the Committee has been so anxious to reach its total economies that it has hacked about in mere recklessness. We presume the Board of Education was consulted. If so, their officials must have been singularly lacking in power to state a case.

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THE Indian situation has been partly transformed under the workings of Mahatma Gandhi's pacifist conscience. The attack on the police at Chauri-Chaura and the massacre of police by "non-violent volunteers" which followed, were worse even than the Bombay affair. Mr. Gandhi imposed a five days' fast on himself by way of penance, but this time he is so fully persuaded that India is unfit for the moral beauty of passive resistance that he has postponed "civil disobedience" (i.e., tax resistance) *sine die*, or, as some accounts say, for the rest of this year at least. There were many indications that on other grounds he really dreaded the experiment. It seems that on the eve of this decision the order had actually been issued to arrest him. Mr. Montagu announced in Tuesday's debate that it has now quite properly been recalled and will not be enforced, if his movement really confines itself to law-abiding methods. We write elsewhere on the debate. The Die-Hard attack was violent, and mustered sixty-four votes. Mr. Montagu's speech was a commonplace and unilluminating defence of his policy of cautious moderation. The Prime Minister emphasized two points strongly (1) that we shall never evacuate India, and (2) that India is not ripe for democracy. We dread the effect in India of this latter declaration, while we admit the hopeless crudity of Gandhist politics. But this too emphatic and pessimistic pronouncement may well undermine the position and destroy the hopes of the Constitutional Moderates.

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LORD ALLENBY has returned from Egypt, and there is reason to believe that he has come to London to tender his resignation should he fail to overcome the resistance of Mr. Churchill to his policy. His view is (for we take the "Manchester Guardian's" account to be, as usual, trustworthy) that no Government at all can be formed in Egypt on the basis of the Curzon terms. On the other hand, he is willing to recommend that office

be offered to Sarwat Pasha on the latter's terms. Lord Allenby will have nothing to do with Zaghloul Pasha, but he believes that Sarwat Pasha (a Copt) can secure sufficient backing. That remains to be proved: our own impression is that while he and Adly Pasha may represent the propertied class, their rival still has the masses with him. Sarwat Pasha is ready to take office if the Protectorate is dropped, martial law abolished, the "advisers," with two big exceptions, recalled, the Assembly elected, and the deportees liberated. The definitive Treaty he will leave till a later stage, but he would then insist, as Adly Pasha also did, that the Occupation should end. Mr. Churchill, on the other hand, will not give up the Protectorate till the Treaty is accepted, nor will he now or later end the Occupation. On both points Lord Allenby is against him. Well, if he fails, a Die-Hard administrator will have to be found, who must rule without the cover of any native Cabinet whatever. It means another adventure in reconquest of the Irish type.

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A NEW danger to the Genoa Conference seems to us to lie in the proposal for a preliminary Allied conference of experts to decide on policy. This was a British proposal, and Downing Street suggested a gathering of the Big Three. M. Poincaré has skilfully proposed that Poles, Tchechs, Roumanians, and Serbs be included—the French satellites, in short. If we refuse, we offend them: if we agree, we are swamped by the French following. But in any event, a preliminary conference of this kind, whether large or small, seems to us thoroughly vicious in principle. If it does not agree, it is useless. If it does agree, then the Allies march in closed ranks and battle-formation into the so-called Conference. No decisions reached by secret barter can be readily altered. It will only remain to dictate them to the Russians, Austrians, and Germans. In short, these will attend merely as beaten or "outside" Powers to hear a decision, and the whole idea of a genuine reunion of Europe for the common good is wrecked. M. Poincaré has worsened the British proposal, but that plan in itself gave away what we took to be the essence of Mr. Lloyd George's idea.

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THIS plan for ensuring the continued Allied dictation over Europe may not work so smoothly in practice as some anticipate. The neutrals may not dare to resent such discourtesy—it surely is too gross a procedure to treat the Serbs, for example, as the superiors in status of the Dutch, the Swedes, or the Swiss. The Germans imprisoned in the Allied armed camp are too much cowed to assert themselves. But we do not see the Russians consenting to sit tamely and silently in a Conference which would have to accept the advance decisions of one party. If Lenin attends in person, the usual abject submission to the Big Three must not be assumed. Russia will be in a very peculiar position, much stronger than might have been expected. For the French dread a *rapprochement* of Germany with Russia. There is apparent in part of the Parisian Press a curious tendency to bid for Russian support in order to detach Russia from Germany and to neutralize any gains that Britain might derive from Mr. George's initiative. Some suggest that Russia be offered a share of the German indemnity to give her a vested interest in the Versailles system. Others think that Trotsky will support, for his own reasons, the French objections to military disarmament. All this, we imagine, is merely diplomatic sport, stupid in its ultra-cleverness. Russia is thinking of the famine and of reconstruction. Her natural helpers are the two industrial Powers, and not the French Army.

SIR BENJAMIN ROBERTSON, a former Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces with a long experience of Indian famines, has returned from the Volga and has reported to the Russian Famine Relief Fund. His account is that of a practical and experienced investigator, and it fully confirms Dr. Nansen's. We need hardly state that he brushes aside all the fables of Soviet robbery, and bestows warm praise on the work of the British funds. His detailed statistics only add to the horror of Nansen's broader picture. Transport with broken-down railways and starved horses in the snow (and with the still worse thaw and floods to come), is an appalling problem, and yet with railwaymen dying of typhus, trains whole weeks late, and horses dying out, the food does somehow arrive. The main problem, in his view, as we have always argued ourselves, is the salvation of the adults. At the present rate of help, though millions of children will die, very few adults at all will survive. Money is flowing in, since Dr. Nansen's visit, especially from the generous North, and notably from Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow. But nothing adequate can be done without a Government grant. It is little use to give miscellaneous stores of disused army stuff. Only about £40,000 of the nominal £100,000 granted has yet reached the Funds. What is wanted is the means to purchase grain, though tractors and lorries would be invaluable. We welcome the Archbishop of Canterbury's strong support both for charitable and for State aid.

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THE German railway strike is over, but its sequels may be very serious. The railwaymen are in Germany the most moderate of all the workers, and it was a portent that they struck at all. They had the traditions of the old Prussian civil service, and the drivers and guards considered themselves more or less of the middle class and valued their pensions. They had grievances which seem well-founded, but the real issue was the refusal of the Minister Groener to recognize the right of combination at all, and even to negotiate with them directly. They came back, not without the promise of some concessions, but beaten on the main issue, and with dismissals threatened. It is now said that 30,000 are to be dismissed, which, if true, will certainly make further trouble. The motive for this drastic action is not merely excessive zeal for discipline. The Reparations Commission stands over Germany with an "axe" of more than Geddes-like weight. It demands economy. The bread subsidy disappears. Prices rise. Men strike, and are then dismissed to lighten the pay-roll. But can any administration, resting on votes, continue on these lines? The result is a simultaneous attack from Left and Right on the Wirth Cabinet. The Left is fighting the workers' battle. The Right reflects the attitude of Herr Stinnes, who is now in hot feud with Herr Rathenau, and wants to take over the railways for private profit, while offering to mortgage them to the Entente. The Wirth Government has survived, but only because forces which are equal and opposite cancel each other.

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It is possible to take too tragical a view of the events of the last week in Ireland—relieved a little by our Government's promise to resume the evacuation; for there is nothing surprising about them. The situation is extremely anxious, and it is quite clear that unless the tension is relieved something irreparable may happen any day. The unfortunate incidents in the frontier warfare show that on both sides the wreckers are active. The I.R.A. raid and carry off a number of persons to hold as hostages for the prisoners lying under sentence of death in Derry gaol and for the Sinn Feiners who

were arrested and thrown into prison by the Northern Police when on their way to a football match, because they had arms in their pockets. The Ulster specials reply by sending some special constables by a railway journey which carries them into Free State territory. Then a collision occurs, and four specials and one I.R.A. officer are killed. There are, as usual, conflicting stories, each party charging the other with firing first. The worst thing is that Belfast, afraid that its pre-eminence in disorder is threatened, has a bout of killing in which a dozen persons lose their lives. Outbreaks such as these are inevitable if the provocative elements in the two camps want them. Can Mr. Collins and Sir James Craig procure, if not peace, at least a cessation of hostilities? If the Free State Government can secure the release of the captured hostages, and Sir James Craig can secure the release of the arrested Sinn Feiners, there is some hope. But there is a danger, on the other hand, that an attitude of this kind may one day develop into real civil war.

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THE situation in the Free State is not less critical. It looks as if Mr. de Valera and Mr. Childers would choose that Ireland should live under a military terror and call herself a republic, rather than that she should be a self-governing State calling herself a Free State. For it is difficult to explain otherwise their violent attacks on the Provisional Government at a moment when the danger of disorder, which in this instance is another name for the danger of militarism, is acute. Last Sunday Mr. de Valera held a great demonstration in Dublin. His attacks on the Treaty have been answered by Mr. Griffith, and also by the second article in the series that Mr. Collins is contributing to the Irish Press. The difficulty with Mr. de Valera is that he seems to recognize no obligations of consistency, and to hold himself free to abuse the Irish delegation for making concessions which he had prepared himself. It is quite within the right of the strict Republicans who repudiated association in any form to denounce the Treaty on the ground that Ireland surrenders something in accepting it. But concessions that Mr. de Valera thinks it fair and honest to denounce all appeared in Document No. 2, and though Mr. de Valera has equivocated in his speeches on the subject of the form of oath that was proposed, it is no secret that he himself approved of that oath. Similarly, with the Northern Counties. Mr. de Valera accuses the delegates of accepting partition because of articles in the Treaty that do not distinguish the Treaty from Document No. 2. Of course, Mr. de Valera knows very well that there is no support in Ireland for a policy which treats the difference between Document No. 2 and the Treaty as fundamentally important. Accordingly he puts Document No. 2 away, and lashes the Treaty and Ministers as if he had never offered any compromise himself.

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MR. COLLINS's examination of Document No. 2 possesses some importance for American readers. It shows that in many respects the Treaty leaves Ireland freer than a Treaty based on the Document. But how far Ireland is following the dialectical duel between the different leaders we do not know. It must be plain to the ordinary man that a fratricidal struggle at the moment when Ireland is launching her new Constitution must, if it is pushed far enough, resolve her into a chaos of rifts and factions, and that her reputation as a politically capable people will be fatally discredited. The Provisional Government has done a great deal under most difficult circumstances. But until an election has been held, no Irish Government can exercise authority if its right to exist is challenged by a powerful faction.



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE PROBLEM OF MR. GANDHI.

It is no matter for surprise that Tuesday's vote on Mr. Montagu's record and policy in India showed a large dissatisfied minority. The policy may, or may not, have been the best of which the desperately difficult circumstances admitted, but the utmost that can be said for it is that one can imagine other policies, especially those which the Die-Hards advocate, that would have produced a still more dangerous ferment, and an even wider discontent. Its causes are in great measure beyond Mr. Montagu's personal control. It is his colleagues, against his protests, who have steadily fanned the Moslem opposition to a violent flame by their support of the Greek war on Turkey, their misjudgment of the Angora movement, and the fantastic Imperialism of the unratified Treaty of Sévres. Much of the trouble is due to the war. On the one hand, we were drawn, by the desire to represent the Allied cause as that of liberty at grips with autocracy, into statements of the principle of self-determination which roused first the hopes and then the disappointed anger of every ambitious or unsatisfied nationalist movement in the world. Again, the peace of Versailles, which flouted economics, opened a series of material disasters throughout the world which are now falling heavily on the Indian producer. Mr. Montagu's chief personal contribution to the causes of the present unrest was his failure adequately to redress the wrongs of the Punjab repression. It was also a challenge to the recent exhibitions of disloyalty to allow the Prince to visit India with empty hands. The personal charm of the Prince of Wales appeals rather to the Western and modern mind than to Eastern traditions. That was an error of judgment which has had painful results.

The more immediate question, however, is whether Mr. Montagu has handled the Gandhi movement wisely. Passive resistance is, of all political weapons, the most difficult to counter. If you use force against it, you seem to place yourself on a lower moral plane. If you rely only on persuasion and the ordinary law, you may see the whole fabric of order and government undermined. The peculiarity of the Gandhi movement is that its ideals are about the only passive thing in it. This strange personality was framed to baffle the Western mind. Its perpetual contradictions mean, we think, that this agitator and teacher, who has grafted an ethical Tolstoyan cult on to the dim mysticism and dark passions of Oriental religion, is himself very imperfectly adjusted to the transitional society in which he finds himself. When one reads his organs in the Indian Press, one feels oneself in the presence of several irreconcilable tendencies. There is evidence that the teaching of "non-violence" is sincere, at least on the part of his more educated disciples. One of them, in a long, pathetic letter, describes how he endured the degradations of prison, physical and moral, without a word or gesture of protest, because that was the Mahatma's bidding. A leading article ascribes the riots in Madras, not to the volunteers, but to the fact that the volunteers were ordered to keep off the streets, lest they should be tempted, or provoke others, to violence. In some cities their "discipline" does seem to be a moral, almost monastic, training in "non-violence." But in another column we find an enthusiastic argument for the training of these volunteers in gymnastics and physical drill. That does not seem to be obviously part of a train-

ing in spiritual passivity. One thinks of the pre-war nationalism of the Tchechs and other Western Slavs, which centred in their gymnastic clubs. The Slav *sokols* were certainly military cadets in training for a war of independence, and that also is partly true of Sinn Fein sportsmen. Is it otherwise in India? We should guess that many "non-co-operators" are "non-violent" only because as yet they have no arms, and realize that, while waiting for these, time is by no means wasted which is spent on drill and physical preparedness. The Sinn Fein model has been carefully studied, and the attack on the police barracks of Chauri-Chaura looks like a brutal, but successful, imitation of the example set in the Irish guerilla war. The Moslems, in particular, make no pretence of accepting the ideal of passivity, and there probably is a Left Wing which regards the non-violence of the Master as a useful smoke-screen.

Nor do we find Mr. Gandhi's anti-Western economics any easier to reconcile with the concrete facts of Indian daily life. On an editorial page you may read Mr. Gandhi's displeasure at the suggestion that invention is capable of improving the primitive Indian spinning-wheel. He orders his followers to stick to the old pattern, though he admits that improved patterns, even without using mechanical power, may be able to multiply the output fivefold. Yet the most conspicuous advertisements in this same newspaper are of motor-cars and Diesel engines. Again, the Swadeshi movement evolves on strongly protectionist lines, which plainly are intended to foster the nascent industrialism of a growing native capitalist class. This Indian agitator-saint, who dimly recalls now Ruskin and now Tolstoy, seems to draw his chief inspiration from Eastern religion. Yet his most sympathetic work is inspired by pure humanitarianism. If he had done nothing but preach against the cruel tradition that segregates and degrades the "untouchable" castes, one might rank him among the greatest of Indian moral leaders.

But the main effect of Gandhism on our own puzzled efforts to observe it from a distance is one of dismay at its revelation of the intellectual crudity of India. One feels oneself among an emotional people, with all the mixed good and evil of this temperament, which seeks for restraints and discipline, not in any rational doctrine, but in mystical exaltation and in the idolatry of a leader. As a specimen of its constructive political thinking, take Mr. Gandhi's "minimum" demands. After restoring all Turkish Turkey (which, in principle, is right) and calling on all "non-Muslim" troops to walk out of the Arab lands (which, in the form of the demand, is not exactly nationalism), he requires the instant concession of the full Dominion status to India with all it implies. Now note the *modus operandi*. The future form of this Dominion (with no place for any bargaining or modification on our side) is to be determined by a Constituent Assembly, elected by all the adherents of the Indian National Congress who have signed its creed and paid their four annas membership dues. Revolutions often degenerate into the disguised dictatorship of a party. That happened in Jacobin France and Communist Russia. But even then there was at the worst some make-believe. But was it ever proposed in any country that membership of a party, acceptance of its creed, and payment of its dues should be the qualification for the franchise in the decisive moment of self-determination? When political crudity like this combines with the pathetic reaction of the spinning-wheel among the leaders of the nationalist movement, can we wonder that the



mass shows the turbulent brutality which drives Mr. Gandhi to his penitential fasts? We do not believe that Indians tend to brutality. Far from it: their normal, emotional life, if one may judge from their literature, is one of delicacy and refinement. But, like all emotional races, notably the Russians, they are subject to gusts of passion, in which their behavior may be abominable. Frankly, we do not see in this society and in this body of doctrine the makings of a steady Indian Government, if the British hand were withdrawn. Plainly, Moplahs cannot be controlled by prayer and fasting. Nor would "non-violence" prove an efficient barrier against Afghans. An attempt to run India on Tolstoyan principles would result, we fear, after a period of bloody and bestial anarchy, in the dictatorship of the fighting races or of the Mohammedans. Mr. Gandhi seems to us as a politician about as effective as Shelley was, but he lacks the lyrical gift. That, however, no more excuses Amritsar methods than Shelley's exalted pacifism excuses Peterloo.

India is clearly our most delicate problem. It seems one of those cases in which every conceivable course is only more or less wrong. To a certain extent Mr. Montagu has tried to respect the moral elevation of the Mahatma: hence his delay in arresting him. But if this moderation was wise, the mass arrest of multitudes of "volunteers," including women, was certainly wrong. Mr. Montagu inherits a bad police system, which no predecessor ever managed to reform. There is probable exaggeration in the endless columns of exposure which one may read in Gandhist newspapers. But some of it is true. There has been flogging of "politicals" in gaol. The evidence is strong that these prisoners were sometimes forced to do blasphemous obeisance to their gaolers, and whipped when they refused. There are tales of the searching of the persons of women by male police, stories of the desecration of mosques by the police, and reports of the adoption of Black-and-Tan methods, especially looting, in the villages. In some of these accusations minor European officials are included. Worse still was the mass homicide of Moplah prisoners in a "Black Hole" prison-van, which went unpunished and almost unrebuked. The Civil Service is passing through a difficult stage of transition. Many officials are quitting it with partial pensions. Few are entering it—only three British candidates were accepted in one year out of 114. Under these conditions one cannot expect good or smooth administration.

The decision to suspend the arrest of Mr. Gandhi, since he himself has indefinitely suspended "civil disobedience," may bring a breathing-space. As a politician he inspires no confidence, but we do not think he will revive "civil disobedience," for he had manifestly dreaded its inevitable consequences from the first. If he does, his arrest is inevitable, for there must be a Government of India. But if there is a real breathing-space, it should be used wisely. An amnesty for genuinely "non-violent" politicals is surely the first word of wisdom. The second is a speedy settlement of the Turkish question, in which, as we argued last week, Downing Street, apart altogether from Indian considerations, has blundered grossly. But this is not enough. There is no ultimate solution in India save on Dominion lines, and we see no reason why this should not be formally avowed, and the promised Commission set in motion to formulate it. But that involves an Indian army and police which can cope with anarchy. Here everything is to create. Only the merest beginning has yet been made in creating a body of educated Indian officers. There is no staff, no native artillery, no higher

command, not even higher regimental officers. One may say that a generation must pass before a true Indian army can be created: that is the case for beginning at once. Our own argument on the crudity of Indian politics, so far from leading to the conclusion that we must go slowly in the step-by-step extension of Home Rule, points the other way. The only cure for crudity is experience and responsibility. This emotional ferment must be appeased by opportunity for constructive work. Delay is manifestly impossible. With few Europeans entering the Service annually, and even these by the examination test only of the second quality, direct rule by a foreign bureaucracy must die a natural death in comparatively few years. The pace of concession has been too slow, and the beginning came many years too late. The quality of our administration can hardly improve, and its prestige has been heavily shaken. Unless we move rapidly to some modified Dominion settlement we may find ourselves overtaken by a second and third wave of the nationalist flood.

### MAKING THE CHILDREN PAY.

*"We will get out of her all you can squeeze out of a lemon and a bit more," the president shouted. "I will squeeze her until you can hear the pips squeak."*—SIR ERIC GEDDES at Cambridge, December, 1918, as quoted by J. M. Keynes, "Economic Consequences of the Peace," p. 131.

WE are glad to see that the friends of education are preparing a campaign against the ruinous work of the Geddes Committee. The Government, alarmed by the growth of the Anti-Waste mutiny in the Conservative ranks, chose five gentlemen who were likely to attract esteem because they were rich men, and invited them to report to the nation on its expenditure. Criticism on expenditure soon became criticism on policy, and thus this Big Five found itself in a position to talk at large on the subject of education. Its talk on this subject is very much what one would have expected. "Education is a luxury," and luxuries are naturally reserved for the few. In the last year or two changes have been made in public policy which would seem to suggest a false or revolutionary view of education. Boys and girls are actually taught subjects which are of no use to them in their trades, which means of no use to the people who employ them. The number of children who can be taught anything with advantage after the age of fourteen is very small, and we find that among the children of the poorer classes who are being educated in secondary schools, there are many who, judging by the rough test of numbers, are not really fit to profit by their education. The number of children in secondary schools has nearly doubled in the last seven years. Not content with this departure, the Board of Education has recently introduced a system of scholarships to the Universities. The arrangements for teaching show, again, a gross disregard of all plain commonsense, for it is supposed that a teacher cannot do justice to his pupils if the classes average more than thirty-two. Moreover, teachers are now paid a great deal more than they were paid before the war. In the secondary schools, the increase is not quite so serious as in the elementary schools, but the average salary in these schools is £332 against £173 in 1912-1913. These facts explain the enormous burden that has fallen on the taxpayer and the ratepayer, for they represent a total incapacity to understand the place of education in the economy of a State such as ours. Let the nation return to the good sense of our forefathers, who held that the test of

education was whether it made the poor "good servants in agriculture and in the laborious employments to which their rank in society had destined them." Let it recall the reasonable moderation of Lord Hawkesbury, who, speaking in 1807, "would not deny that education to the lower orders, under proper direction and limitations, might be desirable." If the proper limitations were restored, if the children were taught fifty in a class, if the teachers were paid less than butlers, if those who had been pushed into secondary schools, where they were learning nothing that would make them good workers, were bundled out, the nation would soon find itself in its old vigor and vitality, and the taxpayer would be relieved of his intolerable burden.

We can believe anything of the present House of Commons, but we really cannot believe that the nation is going to take its education policy at this time of day from these five magnates. Even in a society which almost makes a virtue of irrelevance, it is scarcely credible that the sort of uninstructed talk which one hears in the commercial room of any hotel is to be accepted as enlightened advice because it appears in print over the signatures of five railway directors and shipping millionaires. We have assembled in the last few years a good deal of evidence on different aspects of public education: the teaching of science, the teaching of classics, the teaching of modern languages, and the teaching of English. Committees have reported on the scholarship system; and a Commission is just about to report on the Universities. A most interesting picture of educational activities, public and private, was presented by the Committee on Adult Education. The persons who gave that evidence and those who considered it had all had some experience of education. Instead of reducing education we ought now to be taking measures to see that full use is made of the results of these separate inquiries, and we should like to see, in particular, a thorough overhauling of the arrangements for training teachers for elementary schools. There is a good deal of discussion in the Press of a project for establishing a new Public School, on the ground that all Public schools are full: a sufficient comment in itself on the moment we are to choose for cutting down popular education. There is a great deal to be done in the way of educational reform and reconstruction, and it is quite possible that the money spent is not always put to the best use. But what the Geddes Committee propose is that the nation, instead of trying to improve its education, should cut it down blindly, stupidly, and unjustly. The meaning of this suggestion is put into a sentence in the admirable manifesto of the Workers' Educational Association, where it is called "the odious and short-sighted policy of making the children pay for the war."

This phrase suggests an interesting and instructive retrospect. In the winter of 1918 the Government told us that Germany was going to pay for the war. Sir Eric Geddes, whose report we are now considering, used a phrase to describe that policy which has become classical, because Mr. Keynes has put it on record in his first book on the Peace. The hard truth about the economic laws which has made nonsense of all their electioneering promises eluded most people in those moments of excitement. But Sir Eric Geddes might have been supposed to understand the elements of the economic system of the modern world, if he understood anything at all. The event has passed its verdict on his judgment. Germany has not paid for the war, and no Minister now pretends that she can pay for the war. The next idea was that those who had done well out of the war should pay for it. It was well known that the method of a Capital Levy and that of a Levy

on War Profits were both entertained at one time by the Government. Either of these methods would have brought substantial relief to the taxpayer, but the rich were too strong, and Ministers dropped the project.

The Geddes Committee now turn to the children. For, let there be no mistake about it, if the nation retraces the very modest step it has taken on the path of educational progress, our loss will not be measured by what we lose at the moment. This simple advance represented a modest beginning in the reforms and expansions that are necessary if the nation is to grasp the place and use of education in its life. Take the question of the teachers alone. Everybody knows that the teaching profession was steadily declining under the old *régime*, under which our teachers were far worse paid than the teachers of France and Germany, or than other classes of brain workers in England; it was not surprising that teaching was unable to compete with the Civil Service, or with the professions where the prospects were substantially better. To invite the local authorities to throw over the Burnham scale is therefore not merely an act of bad faith. It is an act of supreme folly, for education is one of those services in which nobody earns a sweated wage. If men and women are decently paid, we shall get teachers who will throw themselves into their work; if they are half paid, we shall get inefficient teachers who will scamp their work. This is only one instance of the effect of this policy. What Sir Eric Geddes and his colleagues propose is that the Government should tell the local authorities to put the clock back. Their ideas about the proper size of a class are ludicrous. Mr. Paton observes in the "Daily News" that it is possible to drill a squad of sixty, but not to teach them. Mr. Roscoe contrasts in the "Westminster" the educational standard proposed by the Geddes Committee for the British people with the impossibly higher standards that are set in Germany and Norway, not to mention the United States. Nobody can measure the ill that would be done if this advice were followed. It would be better to repeal the Health Insurance Act than cut down education in this ruthless, unintelligent spirit. If we followed Sir Eric Geddes's advice we should be acting like a man who, when in difficulties, looks round his house for something to pawn—and decides to begin with the children's clothes.

### THE COMEDY OF THE GEDDES REPORT.

IN the story of the Geddes Report political comedy must nearly have touched bottom. Having spent several hundred millions in making the world a more dangerous place than the Peace had left it, an entirely unprincipled Government finds itself confronted with a deepening trade depression and a desperate finance. So, undergoing a sick-bed repentance, it summons its spending departments to mend their ways to the tune of a hundred millions or more. These chartered libertines, long released from all effective control by Treasury or Parliament, and encouraged to extravagance by war and their own proclivities, were slow and inadequate in their response. Meanwhile, revenue was falling off, and expenditure increasing. A hundred millions was no longer good enough. The sum required to make both ends meet and enable some slight reduction of taxation to be effected was a hundred and seventy-five millions. The constitutionally proper thing was for the Treasury to ration the departments down to a figure which would yield this result. But the Government was

mortally afraid of its Jeshurun. It preferred that their kicking should be provided with a buffer, some body Governmental in origin but not in composition. Knowing the respect that England pays to great business names, it hit upon the device of the Geddes Committee. An added touch was to appeal to the cunning of the "poacher turned gamekeeper" adage, and appoint Sir Eric Geddes to act as chief. The instructions given to this Committee were quite explicit. They were to chop another hundred millions off expenditure beyond the seventy-five which, under pressure, the departments had conceded. The first and second Interim Reports, just issued, perform three-quarters of the required task, leaving the other quarter to come off the sixty Votes, representing £100,000,000 of expenditure, into which the Committee has not yet had time to enter.

The comedy, however, only began to ripen when the first Report was presented to the Government. The latter began to realize that, while it willed the end, it dared not will the means. A hundred and seventy-five millions, represented in general terms of financial necessity, looked excellent and feasible. Translated into a number of actual cuts, it aroused frantic alarms. So, as soon as the demands of the Geddes Report leaked out among the Services, the fat was in the fire. Powerful and experienced officials, who had long ruled Parliament and people, were not going to stand this tampering with their business by a little group of mere business men, whom the Government had appointed because it dared not undertake the job itself. One cannot but sympathize with their action, so far as it expressed an expert's dislike of a clumsy amateur, or an instinctive protest against the cowardice of the Government. It was fair and, indeed, necessary that the departments should offer a considered criticism of the Geddes proposals to the proper quarter, in order that the Government might mature as soon as possible its plan for reducing expenditure. And if the Cabinet are forced to look on while the Report of their Committee becomes an Aunt Sally for every official who feels himself aggrieved by it, they have only themselves to thank. It is highly probable that a Committee charged with the performance of so huge and intricate a task and with so short a time to do it in, and so feebly equipped for discharging it, has made some serious blunders, especially when it is borne in mind that ordinary business methods of costing and accountancy are rarely practised by Government departments. But whether they are right or wrong, we doubt whether the public will listen to the official protests. The method that the Government have pursued has loosed upon the matter a far greater volume of public feeling than they had anticipated. They have dramatized in a high degree the Geddes Report by their treatment of it. Now the public is a simple-minded creature, and will not go closely into the objective merits of the controversy between Geddes and the several official groups. The public will say: "The Government appointed a set of business men to report on public business. Their report is thoroughgoing in the direction that is needed. The axe cuts deep. These others who assail it are interested jobsters fighting for their offices and salaries. They are claiming to be judges in their own causes." A good deal of this talking and threatening involves a serious injustice to the Civil Service. But Mr. George, with the fear of the electorate before him, will certainly decide against them and their defenders in the Cabinet. Indeed, the real danger is not that reductions of expenditure will not be made, but that there will be utter indiscriminate in making them.

Here comes up the absolutely vital distinction

between the defensive and the productive services. The social expenditure on education, housing, public health, has indeed increased as much as, or even more, proportionately, than, the expenditure on armaments. But it is productive, not merely of knowledge, health, and comfort, but of economic efficiency, national income, and therefore public revenue. To cut down these services, except where definite wastes of administration can be shown, is, therefore, unsound national finance in the most literal sense. It is otherwise with the defensive and offensive services. Not merely are they loaded with traditions of waste, but their existence is a dead weight of burden upon national productivity. They take away vast stores of wealth and great bodies of workers, and use them up either for utility or for destruction. We are not here pleading the cause of total disarmament. But we must stress the immediate economic contrast between the two sorts of expenditure. Army, Navy, Air Service, under present world conditions, largely of our making, we still require, and we must find the money for them. But the proposal to reduce our Army by 50,000 officers and men, and our Navy by 38,000, with a consequent reduction of £20 millions in the former, £19 millions in the latter, will command the general assent of those who realize the way in which expenditure has been forced up in these services. There is impressive evidence of the multiplication of higher posts in both of them. With a reduction in the numbers of the Navy there is an increase of no fewer than 925 executive officers. In the Army we have a similar large increase of staff officers, disproportionate to the increase of men. Costs of administration are everywhere piled up. Do we need these increases upon our pre-war armaments? The war fought to end war has not done so. But the Geddes Committee reminds us that it has ended our obligation to put an expeditionary force on the Continent, while the destruction of the German Navy and the Washington compacts should enable us to make far larger reductions in our Navy than could otherwise be contemplated. Our armaments, as Sir Robert Horne informed us, are no longer governed by Continental policy; they exist for the defence of our Empire. Has the Government made that Empire so unsafe that we want larger and more expensive forces than in 1913? If the Government refuse the Geddes cuts in armaments, this ignominious admission is their only argument—unless, indeed, rejecting Sir Robert Horne, they insist upon incurring new obligations for Continental militarism.

Two practical considerations, bearing upon the immediate efficiency of the economy proposals, deserve attention. Have the Geddes Committee given due attention to the cost of pensions for dismissed officials and employees? And will the money saved by public economy serve to furnish ordinary industrial employment for those displaced men, having regard to the existing conditions of the labor market and to any slight improvement in trade which could arise from some abatement in the burden of taxation? The Government have no defence against the economist. They took no effective means to curb expenditure during the deepening depression of the last year and a half. Their neglect has brought on us and on them a situation so grave that remedial treatment of a safe kind is no longer practicable. The harsher surgical operations, with their very dubious reaction on the health of the patient, are the only resource left.



## A PLEA FOR LIGHT.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY AND LORD GREY.

BY W. HARBUTT DAWSON.

[Concluded.]

LORD GREY practised the same diplomatic secrecy in matters of vital moment for the nation, and was preparing to extend our unknown and unsuspected commitments in new directions, down to the very eve of the war. The collection of dispatches already cited shows that in the spring of 1914 the Foreign Secretary was maturing a plan for giving more practical form to the agreement with France, and also obtained the Cabinet's permission to proceed with a secret naval pact with Russia, to be complementary to that agreement.

## THE ROYAL VISIT TO PARIS.

Some little time before the date fixed for the visit of King George and his Foreign Secretary to Paris, the Russian Ambassador there, Isvolsky, suggested to Sazonoff, the Foreign Minister in St. Petersburg, that MM. Poincaré and Doumergue should use the opportunity for pressing for the conclusion of a closer agreement with Russia as being desirable in itself and certain to be welcomed by France. Sazonoff acquiesced, and wrote, in a dispatch to Isvolsky on April 2nd, "I regard it as my duty to tell you that a further strengthening and development of the so-called Triple Entente, and if possible its conversion into a new Triple Alliance, appears to me a task of the present." As a preparation, he proposed that the French Government should ask Grey to communicate to Russia the terms of the Anglo-French agreement—henceforth to be known to St. Petersburg, but still kept from the knowledge of the British Parliament and nation.

The royal visit to Paris took place in April, Grey accompanying their Majesties. From that visit Grey appears to have returned in an enthusiastic mood, for Benckendorff reports (May 12th) that he spoke to him on the subject "with an unwonted warmth." "The intention which prompted him," Benckendorff continues, "when he requested me to call, is quite clear. He wished to announce to me the beginning of a new phase in the direction of a more definite relationship with France." "According to plan," Doumergue had urged the conclusion of an Anglo-Russian agreement, and Grey had received the idea favorably, though he had not gone beyond a personal approval. Now he was able to say that the Prime Minister likewise agreed, but he added that the proposal was so important that the Cabinet as a whole would need to decide it. When, however, Benckendorff expressed the hope that a formal Triple Alliance would not be ruled out of consideration, Grey replied that he did not regard an alliance as possible. In a later dispatch (May 18th) Benckendorff defined the purpose of the new negotiations as follows: "The hitherto all too theoretical and pacific bases of the *entente* would be replaced by something more tangible."

## THE RUSSIAN NAVAL AGREEMENT.

With the approval of the Cabinet negotiations were promptly opened with Russia for the conclusion of a naval agreement, to be complementary to the existing military agreement with France, and—the statesmen in Paris vigorously pressing them forward—they were continued until the end of June. On the Russian side the matter advanced as far as the preparation of a formal plan of campaign, according to which, in the event of war with Germany, Great Britain was to hold as large a part of the German Fleet as possible in the North Sea, so enabling Russian troops to land in Pomerania, and, before the outbreak of hostilities (intelligent anticipation!),

was to dispatch a given number of mercantile vessels to Russian Baltic ports to serve for transport. Nevertheless, answering questions on the subject in the House of Commons in June—for there had been an untoward leakage of information in Paris—Lord Grey recalled Mr. Asquith's assurance of the preceding year (1913) to the effect that no treaties existed which could in any way restrict the liberty of this country to keep out of a European war should one occur, and added that no negotiations at variance with that assurance were in progress, or would, so far as he could judge, be opened with any Power.

Benckendorff reports to his Government (June 11th) that Grey communicated to him in advance the purport of his House of Commons statement. Referring to the rumors which had been circulated and had created alarm in Berlin, Benckendorff writes, "I answered him that I, for my part, regretted these indiscretions extremely, . . . and I told him that the 'Novoe Vremya' had published a contradiction. Grey did not know this, and was very pleased." It is certain that the opinion prevailed both in St. Petersburg and Paris that negotiations of a very important character were in progress. In a dispatch of Benckendorff (July 2nd) the remark occurs, *à propos* of Grey's assurance to the House of Commons: "It appears to me beyond doubt that the disquiet in Berlin has this time been very great. Perhaps Sir Edward Grey wants that disquiet to be allayed before he negotiates further. It is true that he would find it difficult to negotiate and at the same time to deny that he is negotiating." In the same dispatch it is stated that Prince Louis of Battenberg was to conclude the negotiations in St. Petersburg.

So much for the disclosures contained in the "Diplomatische Aktenstücke." When Lord Grey claims that he has not been a party to the conclusion of any secret treaty in peace, one may ask fairly, and in no querulous or hypercritical spirit, as I most certainly do, what difference (apart from terminology) distinguishes such informal commitments as have been instanced from formal treaties, beyond the fact that the former could presumably be squared with the letter of constitutional practice, while the latter require Parliamentary ratification. I am certain that it is vital to the unity and enthusiasm of the Liberal Party that it should be made clear, beyond any possibility of doubt or cavil, that its leaders will for the future abjure all secret arrangements of the kind, whatever the verbal camouflage by which it may be possible to hide or minimize their essential impropriety.

## ANGLO-FRENCH RELATIONS.

Space allows but a few words for the question of our future relations with France, and Lord Grey's attitude to them. Lord Grey suggests that the present tension between the two countries—which, after all, is only a reflection of French disharmony with the whole world—is due to the Supreme Council and its methods of working. The Supreme Council may be an even more mischievous body, if possible, than some of us think it, yet this particular reproach against it seems unfounded. And for the simple reason that France and French interests, after dominating the Paris Conference, later dominated the Supreme Council, as they have dominated the League of Nations and its Council, and almost every Commission and mission appointed under the Treaty of Versailles. The friction began only when

France ceased to get her way as easily and as completely as hitherto, and it has increased with every attempt to emphasize the European at the expense of the French view of things.

I hold no brief for the Prime Minister, but candor compels the admission that he has of late championed British and international interests with a decision which had long seemed lacking. It was inevitable that France, having had her way so long, would resent this change of emphasis. An advocate of Mr. Lloyd George might go further, and contend that if in the past he has yielded to France more than was either wise or necessary, he was continuing a tradition created by Lord Grey himself, who from 1905 to 1914 deferred to French claims and interests at every turn. It is, nevertheless, a thousand pities that Mr. Lloyd George did not stand boldly, at whatever cost, by his peace settlement programme of March 25th, 1919, for had he done so he might have given to Europe a reasonable assurance of durable peace. Involuntarily one recalls the well-known words of Ovid.

The prospect of Lord Grey's return to the Foreign Office is already being discussed with cordiality in France, and no wonder. That Lord Grey, handicapped as he is by his past record, would satisfy the present French Government or any Government likely to be formed in Paris for a long time to come, except by pursuing a policy of unconditional surrender on every issue as it arose, I do not believe, bearing in mind our political relations with France during the past forty years and the concurrent history of French colonial expansion. For one of the worst faults of French statesmen in bargaining is that they consistently and on principle expect something—and at times everything—for nothing. Such a policy, however, far from conducing to peace, would leave the state of Europe worse than at present.

#### THE PROPOSED ANGLO-FRENCH PACT.

Whether Lord Grey is prepared to enter into a pact with France, and in that event how far he would go, are questions upon which he has as yet thrown no light. I suggest that his own experience is sufficient to demonstrate the impossibility of framing a written agreement with France which would prove incapable of such an elastic interpretation as would prejudice this country unduly, by exaggerating our responsibilities and so increasing our risks. For a sectional Anglo-French pact in any form would inevitably bring Germany and Russia closer together, and eventually, when political stability had been restored to the latter country, force them into a formal alliance. Where would then be the peace of Europe? Most devoutly do I hope that for Liberals, at any rate, Mr. Asquith said the last word on this subject in his memorable speech of September 25th, 1914, wherein he called for the substitution of "a real European partnership" for "force, the clashing of competing ambitions, groupings, and alliances, and a perilous equipoise."

For the present the old "perilous equipoise" has gone with a vengeance, yet without bringing to Europe any relief from the old ambitions, jealousies, and dangers. For the collapse of Germany and Russia has left France virtually supreme on the Continent, intoxicated with the spirit of domination which plunged her into disaster twice in the course of last century, under the first and the third Napoleon. Worse still for Europe, she has reinvigorated the evil tradition of military alliances. Already panoplied with alliances with Belgium and Poland (the terms of which she refuses to disclose, as required by the stipulations of the Covenant of the League of Nations), and it is believed with Roumania also, she is eager to enter into similar arrange-

ments with Hungary, the Succession States, and any other countries able and willing to place armies at her service. As if there did not exist a sufficient potentiality of danger already, we are asked to play into the hands of French Chauvinism by concluding a pact with the Quai d'Orsay, of which the inevitable, and from her standpoint intended, effect would be to leave France still freer to pursue her aggressive plans and to bend the policies of Europe more than ever to her will and interests.

Will not the British nation awaken in time to a full consciousness of the danger which threatens it? For the past mistakes and shortsightedness of our foreign policy we have suffered, and shall long suffer, bitterly, yet not altogether undeservedly—and the qualification may minister cold comfort to minds hardened by experience—for however good may have been the intentions of our statesmen, they failed woefully to prevent the perversion of their policy, pacific and unprovocative as it was undoubtedly meant to be, by Allies less scrupulous in their methods and entirely clear as to the purposes they hoped to achieve by the instrumentality of the triple *entente*. Let us have no more chaffering in British flesh and blood! The past is dead, and it is sufficient that we should be burdened with the legacy of difficulty and anxiety which it has left us, without inheriting its evil traditions. It is for our statesmen and all who exert influence in public affairs, learning from bitter experience, so to shape conditions and anticipate events as to protect this country from a repetition of the misfortune which has befallen it.

For Great Britain and the Empire the first and greatest interest is peace. Peace may be attainable by the union of all nations in a great fraternity of tolerance, faith, and respect—the way of the ideal yet far from realized League of Nations. It will never be attained by provocative sectional pacts, whatever their avowed motive and purpose—the way of the old diplomacy. If the last fifty years of European history have not taught us that, we are unteachable.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

THE educationalists have drawn first blood in the battle for the schools. The findings of the Geddes Committee have been rapidly overhauled by their best men and women, and the exposure is crushing and complete. That part of the Report is a wreck. But it will fail for a political reason, not, to our shame be it said, for an educational one. The teachers appear to be about the best organized electoral force we have. Their opposition, backed by the fury of the workmen and the workwomen at seeing the school doors locked on their little ones, and the higher schools and the Universities shut in the face of their elder sons, may well mean the loss of a hundred seats, even the overthrow of the Coalition. The trimmers in Parliament will be made aware of this fact before many weeks are over, and may be trusted to convey it to the proper quarter. The general battle of the services is a more dubious affair. I imagine the Committee have hit some bad blots, and made a good business suggestion or two, such as their plan of a joint Ministry of Defence. And I assume a popular support of their attack on Admiralty and War

Office administration. Nevertheless, unconstitutional as it is, there is ground for sympathizing with the official retort. It is not a decent assumption that the Government of England is conducted much as if it were a Bottomley Bond Club. The officials can hit back; they have their defenders in Parliament; and their employers (and the country) will look a little blue when the grand clearance is over and the bill for pensions comes in.

THESE distractions might well bewilder a strong and united Cabinet. But the Cabinet is a cockpit. Mr. Churchill wages open war on Mr. Montagu, and the Indian Secretary promptly strikes back again. Geddite fights anti-Geddite; the Prime Minister cheering the report, the Colonial Secretary the attack on it. I suspect the Prime Minister to be more and more withdrawn from his uneasy office, and concerned with the making of a new political instrument. He disclaims the idea of resignation. He had been advised (he is reported as saying) by some of his friends to go. But there was still a task of Ulysses for him. That was to secure a new alignment of parties. Wee-Free Liberalism (scoffingly) was dead, and could not be revived. But there was still a great body of people, neither definitely Liberal nor full-blooded Tory, who believed in the Empire, and who stood for progress short of semi-revolutionary policies. These held the promise of the future. If this is Mr. George's plan, I do not see even a germ of it in National Liberalism. That is a still-born affair. And moderate Conservatism holds to him nominally, not *ex animo*. Probably Mr. Balfour has its mind; Mr. Chamberlain its loyalty. Neither is an immediate rival. Mr. Balfour will assuredly sun himself in the triumph of Washington, and make no bid for a second Premiership; while Mr. Chamberlain, a good and honest man, moves not with the politics of intrigue. Nevertheless, Mr. George's isolation grows.

I WAS much taken with Mr. Montagu's confession that the Damon and Pythias stage of his relationship with Mr. Gandhi was over; for I have often wondered what it was in Mr. Montagu that interested Mr. Gandhi, and what feature of Mr. Gandhi commended itself to Mr. Montagu. Personally, Mr. Gandhi's speeches and articles leave me cold; where the saint treads is (I hope) still holy ground for me; but I have yet to make acquaintance with the saint of journalism, and I suspect that if it were not thought of him that he had at least as much slimness as sanctity in his composition, he would hardly have acquired a part of his very mixed political following. *Noscitur a sociis* is not a bad political maxim, and Gandhism has strange bedfellows. That he wishes to be straight, and that the movements of his mind can be delicate and true, I should not like to doubt, but how, in fact, does he play the game? Take his article on the Malaviya Conference, in his paper, "Young India," of January 19th. He made a tolerably evasive tender to the Viceroy. He would postpone "civil disobedience," but he must keep its organization and preparations intact, including the enlistment of volunteers, Swadeshi, the picketing of

cloth shops and schools, and the enlistment of his Non-Co-operative volunteers, soon to be "co-operating" in the gentle affair of Chauri-Chaura. He goes on to enlighten Lord Reading as to his idea of what a Conference should be:—

"The method of execution of the demands has to be considered. The Government may have a reasonable and a convincing answer on the claims. The Congressmen have fixed their minimum, but the fixing of the minimum means no more than confidence in the justice of one's cause. It further means that there is no room for bargaining."

A Conference is a meeting at which (a) one party "fix" their minimum, even though the other may have a "convincing" answer to it, but this (b) ought not to discourage the latter, because it only implies a belief in the justice of their opponents' cause, though (c) it must also be understood to mean that "there is no room for bargaining," *i.e.*, that the minimum is unalterable. When the issue of such slippery thinking is seen in Malabar, in Bombay, and in Chauri-Chaura, Mr. Gandhi imposes a penance on himself, and begins all over again.

PROBABLY the writer of these sentences is not a consciously insincere man. If he were it would be ten times harder than it is to understand the devotion he inspires in men whom one recognizes and personally knows to be of high intelligence and (one thought) of balanced political mind. But it is impossible even to think of such a writer as endowed with executive power. That India would crumble in such hands like a sun-dried clod, must be the thought of all her British friends, however far they stretch their vision of what her future as a self-governed State may be. That is the reason, among others, why no word ought to be spoken in Parliament to discourage the Moderate section, the chief hope of her future. Their influence in stopping the rush into civil disobedience can be read into the more recent cablegrams from India. Sir Sankaran Nair's revolt from Gandhi was the first sign of the new alignment, and there have been others. The dependence of the party here is on Mr. Montagu. He may not be a great Indian Secretary, but he stands for progress, and its banner sustained with some firmness the Die-Hard attack of Tuesday. The "Times's" unexplained assault on him is, therefore, an ill-timed, and, under the circumstances, a perilous manœuvre.

MR. SPENDER's retirement (he is to be temporarily succeeded by Mr. Hobman) is one of the many disasters that the journalism of the mind has suffered since the journalism of sensation began to destroy it. It was a great pity that he lost his pulpit in the evening "Westminster," for he exactly filled it. His reasoned style and clear intelligence, joined to knowledge continually replenished by fresh reading and experience, were one of the best assets of Liberalism, and now these gifts seem to be largely lost. The paper which sets out to be skimmed in the morning 'bus or train is no fit receptacle for such work; and it is surprising that the "Morning Post," the only London daily paper which cultivates a sense of style in its leading articles, continues to keep up their literary quality so well. But the old



"Westminster" was an institution, and also a positive comfort to thousands to whom the "stunt" Press is an insupportable thing. Now we see how quick and seemingly irrevocable has been the descent. And the degradation is peculiarly our own. In the hour when flippancy rules our Press, the American newspaper, which is supposed to be its model, shows a return to seriousness. Take the "New York World," never a negligible paper even for intellectuals. In the week of Mr. Spender's retirement, I read an admirable survey of the Washington Congress from the pen of Mr. Walter Lippmann, recently appointed its foreign editor. The article occupied a whole page of its issue. Imagine our popular Press engaging itself to such an adventure in "brightness"!

A wise and sympathetic observer of European affairs, fresh from a prolonged visit to Germany, gives me a foreboding account of her condition. In brief, he is not satisfied of her power to stay a second revolution. The undermining facts are partly physical, partly psychic. Her people have lost political hope; and they are still underfed. The mass of Germans live either without fat foods, or with far too scanty a supply of them. Therefore it is that their wonderful power of enterprise and adaptation in industry, though never more conspicuous, brings no stability, and little relief, to the State. Nervous and over-strained, working at no more than about 50 per cent. of the pre-war output, the 60 millions live in full consciousness that the high profits of German trade go to some 300,000 persons, who either bank them abroad, or retain them in millions of marks, without adequate return either in wages or in taxation. Hence the strikes and the deep psychic unrest. The Government, sweating under the French exactions, does its best, but dares not take the full tribute of this wealth, for fear of paralyzing industry. None can say from what quarter the threatened upset may come. Monarchy was probably dead, and Bolshevism apparently so. But the political education of Germany was still a rudimentary affair, and the most unlikely allies might come together under the spur of the fierce national hatred which the French oppression excites.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### THE STATE OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

MR. SPENDER's retirement from the editorship of the "Westminster Gazette" is the last of a succession of blows struck at the power and efficiency of journalism in this country. It is a matter of some consequence that this misfortune, like many preceding disasters, should also be a blow at the Liberal Party. For the first time for generations, the Liberal daily papers of London appear without a single representative man at their head. One after another they have disappeared. Mr. Stead, Sir Edward Cook, Mr. Gardiner, all went before their time, and now Mr. Spender has joined the company. All these editors were convicted, with or without trial, of the same offence. They wanted to edit. They had opinions, based on reflection and established

experience, and desired to express them in freedom and with the powers necessary to at least the literary control of the machinery of a daily newspaper. In one form or another their claim was denied. Stead was too individual; Cook was too consistent; Mr. Gardiner was too outspoken; and Mr. Spender, we suppose, lacked the outfit of a modern publicity agent. He merely wrote. That he wrote extremely well, and had knowledge of other matters than the *lingerie* of the Princess, or the sales in Oxford Street, we imagine to have been a cumulative injury. The Liberal Press in London is not exactly a shining example even of the commercial faculty. But there at least lies its ambition. Well, it can be gratified. These breezy advertisement sheets can now concentrate their minds on business, having left Liberalism in charge of their brightest office-boy, and the advocacy of out-and-out Toryism to the best-written newspaper in London.

This is a somewhat dramatic change now that we see it accomplished in the exit of the last of the Liberal daily editors, leaving the field clear for a jumble of shouting competitors for the franchises of snobs, gossips, insurers, West End bargain-hunters, children, and followers of "form" in horses, billiard players, football teams, boxers, and Mr. Lloyd George. We are a great nation, possibly needing all the greatness we can come by, and these printed sheets are the most familiar, or, indeed, the only form of education in that quality accessible to millions of young men and women who may at any moment be called on for vital decisions in the cause of their country, or in the conduct of their own lives. Yet it is necessary to observe that this daily journalism of ours is by no means the worst of the nation's luck, for he who would realize what our newspaper Press has come to, must descend, in a rapid *glissade* of vulgarity, to the popular Sunday paper. We are not exactly Sabbatarians, but we should think that Mr. Bradlaugh, were that stout secularist alive, would declare the acres of printed matter that litter our delightful London thoroughfares to be (with two or three honorable exceptions) a desecration of Sunday. Or if to present the lives of British people, and of all peoples, as a whirl of gross or childish pleasure; to gloat over the sins and crimes of a few, and bloat them into a picture of national depravity; to boom the luxury trades; to spread far and wide the lure of the quack and the tipster; to entrap the senses of the young and to dull their minds; to feed the boundless conceit of artists and charlatans; and, above all, to follow, with armies of photographers, the antics of the idle rich through their thousand vanities of dress and self-indulgence—if this be an observance of the day of rest, then let us all petition for the opening of public-houses and the compulsory scrapping of the rotary press. Drink, or too much of it, deadens some faculties in man; but here is a narcotic and a poison for the seat of them all. Nor is there any protection. Children are forbidden the beer-shop; none can close their lips against the draught that the rivers of Fleet Street pour from a thousand gutters. In the week-day, when work and school intervene, there are limits to the power of the destroying hand that the directors of the cheap illustrated Press have laid on the character of our youth. But Sunday, like Keats's wood, is "quiet for slaughter." The Church can secure herself against the competition of the publican. She has found no way to exorcise the "best seller."

Now the evil of the new journalism has its root in a very simple cause. Our Press is what our industrial order, reflected in our educational system, has made it. The journalism of Pip and Squeak, of Mutt and Jeff, is merely our English continuation school, grafted on to a

cultural plan that stops short a quarter of the way through the three R's. When the Act of 1870 began to work, and was followed by the universal vote and a slight rise in the standard of living, the day of the old middle-class and upper-class newspaper was over. Henceforth the business of journalism lay open to the assault of the first capitalist who saw his chance with the raw minds and vague appetites of the new millions. Lord Northcliffe took it first; a score of imitators followed. Together these men founded, here and elsewhere, a dynasty whose subjects were the commoner thoughts of mankind. Immense fortunes, which the State honors as it honors little else in England, were their reward. Why not? This new journalism has proved a highly useful ally of the kind of government that the late Lord Salisbury approved, and the present Mr. George conducts. It has struck the greatest, perhaps the final, blow at the idea of an independent democracy, leavened with culture. All the Socialism that the Socialists can teach is more than unlearned in the "popular" Press. And all the forces and personalities that work for knowledge and truth may go to defeat before the new and amusing kingdom of darkness that confronts them.

It is clear therefore, as a minor moral of such a catastrophe of freedom, that the journalism we have described has no room for editors. It exists to find customers for shops, race-courses, theatres, restaurants, cinemas, and in intervals of such business to give its readers a little exercise in the cruder emotions. It is an extremely affable institution. It approves all forms of art, so only they be venal; and, in the genial catholicity of its "picture pages," gives a fair show to Church and Stage, or finds a corner for the Russian famine between a new picture of Bottomley and its latest discovery in pretty ladies. We do not therefore see that its conductors need be aggrieved if even its own world considers its opinions, when it professes any, to be of no importance, even if it could hear them above the clatter of its "stunts" and the whirl of its daily round-about. Liberalism or Conservatism, Socialism or Individualism, anything in faith, or conduct, or speculation which imposes a task for the hour or a thought for the morrow, must disagree with its volatile spirit. It was born too late for Imperial Rome (which it would have exactly suited), but it sprang inevitably, as we have said, from industrial England; and it may have been a handy instrument for an America in the rough and the building. But the man who would look to it for any soul's help or imaginative sustenance forgets of what substance it was built up, and where lies the one deliberate thing that holds it together. We acknowledge it to have one serious function. It is a fit instrument for the ruin of politics. Do the Liberal leaders ever ask themselves why a cause still pregnant of good doctrine and saving belief has shrunk to the small measure of its existing hold on the mind of the country? *Circumspice*. Let them look at their London daily Press.

### VICE-CHANCELLOR OR HEADMASTER?

THE disciplinary organization of Oxford University remains to the present day in all essentials the same as Laud left it on the completion of his revision and codification of the University Statutes in 1636. Members of the University below the degree of M.A. are responsible to the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors, M.A.s to the Vice-Chancellor, for their observance of the rules and regulations of the University, and in case of breach of these may be punished by them at their discretion. There is

no public trial and, except in the case of Masters, no right of appeal. Masters may appeal to the Chancellor. So far as the Statutes prescribe, the offender's College or Hall has no status in the case. The Vice-Chancellor and Proctors need not inform it of their decisions, still less of their reasons.

The disciplinary regulations in regard to which the authorities have this unfettered discretion resemble so-called martial law in this, that while cataloguing a number of crimes, they leave the authorities free to invent new crimes at their discretion. The crimes themselves are comprehensive enough. Scholars are not to stand about in the streets or the market; they are not to frequent the houses of citizens without reasonable cause; they are not to attend public civic gatherings, especially the Assizes; they are not to enter taverns or shops where wine or any other drink, or tobacco (*herba Nicotiana sive Tobacco*), is ordinarily sold, except for urgent reason approved by the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors; citizens may not sell them meals either for consumption on the premises or in college. All scholars are to be inside their Colleges by nine o'clock in the evening. When the great bell of Christ Church ("Tom") ceases tolling, the College gates shall be locked and barred, and the Heads of Colleges are requested to go round the rooms to see that no scholar is missing. They are not to play games for money or games dangerous or inconvenient to others, such as the hunting of beasts with dogs, the use of gun or arquebus. Ropewalkers, gladiators, and actors may give no performances without the Vice-Chancellor's special leave; and, if they do, they shall be put in prison. Any writing or other publication, any insulting speech, by which anyone's reputation might be injured or his person exposed to ridicule, is to be punished; and the same applies to every form of physical violence. Arms are not to be worn. Gatherings prejudicial to the public peace or to the government and tranquillity of the University are forbidden, and all joint action against the University authorities. No one shall do anything to kindle or increase faction and party strife. No one shall interfere in the case of another, with which he is not officially connected, nor do anything to impede or disturb the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors in the execution of their duty; and if some reckless rebel raises his hands in violence against them, he shall be expelled for ever from the University. Reluctant to end with this appalling climax, the Statute goes on to forbid scholars the use of vehicles which they drive themselves, unless on ground of ill-health they have received special permission from the Proctors, with the consent of the Head of their College, and to make certain sumptuary regulations for the protection of academic studies. Undergraduates are not to keep or hire horses, or servants, or dogs of any kind; are not to attend horse-races, or cock-fights, or pigeon-shootings. An amendment of 1859 signalizes the arrival of the Volunteer movement by permitting the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors for reasons of State to permit the use of arms. Finally, the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors may punish at their discretion anyone who has disturbed the peace, behaved contumaciously, or in any way misbehaved himself; but the Proctors, without the Vice-Chancellor, cannot rusticate or expel or fine beyond £5, and a Master can appeal from the Vice-Chancellor to the Chancellor.

But this, it will be said, is archæology, and throws no light on the present powers of a Vice-Chancellor. Many of these rules are out of date; many are broken daily with impunity. It is true that inside these Statutes has grown up a complicated web of custom and regulation, largely unwritten, by which the University is in fact governed. But the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors are

still as irresponsible and all-powerful in the undergraduate sphere as they ever were. Whether the Vice-Chancellor could legally send down the Head of a House, we do not know. But it is not done. Nor does he fine and punish M.A.s. In University business, though he has very great powers, custom and statute limit them. His veto on legislation, for example, is in practice used only on the advice of the Council, and with general agreement. But in regard to undergraduates he remains an autocrat, responsible to no one, advised by no Council, assisted but not in any way controlled by the Proctors. He may make what rules he likes, and publish them as he likes, or not at all. Neither in Council nor in Congregation can he be called on to explain his acts. He is a sovereign after Hobbes's heart, whose word is law.

These powers have in fact been used for the most part with very great discretion. Discipline is mostly in the hands of the Colleges, and the Proctors are in practice very careful to consult and inform the Colleges in any serious case. The Vice-Chancellor is usually more occupied with University business than with undergraduate discipline; he is called in to decide serious cases and matters of principle. There have been very few complaints, and we would venture a bet that no witness has called the attention of the present Royal Commission to the need of the undergraduate for protection against possible abuse of disciplinary authority. Yet recent events suggest that some changes may be desirable. Even an undergraduate would seem to have a *prima facie* claim to be allowed to appeal against a sentence of expulsion which must seriously affect his whole future. Nor is it satisfactory that general rules on matters of importance, such as public meetings, should first be wholly wanting, and then improvised by a Vice-Chancellor at his discretion. In an institution of the size of Oxford University the rule of law is surely to be preferred, so far as it is feasible, to the rule of one man, however learned or eminent. It is not well to trust all to the discretion of the executive officials. The University is not a Public School, and the Vice-Chancellor is not a Headmaster.

## Letters to the Editor.

### CAPITALIST COLLECTIVISM.

SIR,—Mr. Maurice Dobb's friendly criticisms invite a fuller treatment than is possible in a letter. I will endeavor to answer his questions in a few words.

1. I cannot conceive any system working which set out to guarantee marginal costs to all producers. Under the plan proposed, the producers of certain staple raw materials and foodstuffs only would, in the present emergency, be guaranteed reasonable prices to save them from bankruptcy and to prevent a shortage in the future.

2. I do not agree that the plan would intensify the evil of fluctuating price levels. It would, of course, raise the price of these commodities; but I anticipate that they will in any case rise above the lowest level touched in the present slump. The object of international control would be to bring the present slump to an end before it has produced its worst effects, and then to prevent the pendulum swinging back too violently in the direction of "inflation."

3. No, I am not in favor of "Inflationism and/or Douglasism." I believe in stabilizing the general level of prices, and preventing booms and slumps, inflation and deflation.

Mr. Dobb's other comments open a wide field of discussion. He mentions a few of the obvious ways in which capital was consumed during the war, but ignores the other side of the picture, viz., the construction of new and up-to-date factories, extensions of plant, &c. My main contention is that the manufacturing capacity of most countries is

greater and not less than before the war. It is an interesting fact, for example, that in the second and third years of the war the annual production of blankets for the Army alone exceeded the total annual production of blankets in this country before the war as shown in the Census of Production of 1911.

International control of raw materials by world monopolies would surely not "intensify conflict between nations and between capitalist groups, wrestling for power and markets." The essence of the plan is to replace this disastrous conflict.

Mr. Dobb, like the rest of us, would like to see "a more radical transformation of society"; but I suggest to him that what is now wanted from constructive thinkers is not so much a new "Modern Utopia" as an emergency plan, or, as he calls it, a "half-way house." Half-way houses are sometimes practicable, Utopias never.—Yours, &c.,

YOUR CONTRIBUTOR.

### THE PATH TO DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT.

SIR,—May I comment on a parenthetical remark of Mr. Harbutt Dawson's in his excellent article in your issue of February 11th? He says: "I predict that before long the nation will not only vote at General Elections for local representatives, but will claim to choose by the same inquest all the principal incoming officers of State, from the Prime Minister downwards, now dumped upon it by the arbitrary will of one man, who is no longer the Sovereign." This does not seem a very probable forecast, nor—even with a much better educated general public than we have at present—a very desirable one. Probably the prediction was not intended to be taken seriously, but, even if it was, it is unnecessary to point out the many grave objections to such a method of selecting a Government.

If democratic government is ever to be achieved in this country, the first essential is to get rid of our party system of government, root and branch. The inevitable evolution of party government is towards a veiled autocracy. This is mainly due to the power our system gives the Prime Minister (1) over the other Ministers of the Crown, by his right to appoint and dismiss them; (2) over his party, by his power of resignation, and (3) over the House of Commons, by his constitutional right to threaten a dissolution. All this is quite incompatible with real democracy—the essence of which is that the powers once vested in the Crown should be transferred, not to any one man, but to the people themselves through their representatives. It is worthy of much more attention than it receives that the most democratic country in the world, in spite of its keen parties, has no party government. I refer, of course, to Switzerland, where not only are the immoralities of the party system unknown, but care is taken, in the Constitution, to prevent any one man obtaining too much power.

Mr. Lloyd George says that the Irish Treaty could never have been achieved under our old party system, and he is probably right. He might have added that women's suffrage, in spite of a majority in its favor for years before the war, could never be carried because each party when in power was afraid to take the matter up for fear of losing some of its members. But Mr. Lloyd George's mistake is in supposing that coalition is the alternative to party government. Coalition, as we know it, retains most of the vices of the party system and adds a few of its own. The real antithesis to party government is Parliamentary government. That is the only cure for the dangerous disgrace and contempt into which Parliament has fallen—for the insincerity, dishonesty, and intrigue inseparable from the party—for the powerlessness of the "private member," and for the turning of high politics into an unprincipled game of Ins and Outs.

The *modus operandi* would be (1) A General Election by proportional representation, so as to make the House as exact a duplicate, in miniature, of the nation as possible. This is the first step, but it is not sufficient—as we can see in Italy to-day. The people of Italy are probably more faithfully represented in their Parliament than is any other nation, but, owing to their adherence to the two-party



system, there is something very like a deadlock at present, for the numerous divisions cannot coalesce into two parties without great sacrifices of principle. (2) At the first meeting of Parliament the first business would be the election, by the House of Commons, of all the Ministers of the Crown, individually and separately. These Ministers, at their first meeting, would choose their own chairman, who would thus become Prime Minister. (3) The Government thus formed would remain in office for the life of the Parliament—say three or five years. No rejection by the House of any legislative measure would affect the position of any Minister. The House would be considered responsible for legislation, and the Government for administration. For any definitely wrong action a Minister could be proceeded against and dismissed by a vote of the House. But this would rarely, if ever, occur, and, if it did, a new Minister would at once be elected in his place. (4) Standing Committees would then be elected for each of the great departments, the different parties being represented on each committee in proportion to their strength in the House. The duties of these committees would be to keep in close touch with the work of their department and to give assistance to the Minister—to keep a keen look-out for extravagance in administration, and to report to the House, at regular intervals, on the work of the department.

These are the main points—the election of Ministers, the appointment of Standing Committees, and fixity of tenure both for Ministers and Parliament; but some minor changes as to procedure would also be necessary. Nothing less will ensure the rehabilitation of Parliament in the eyes of the people. Nothing less will restore the self-respect and the usefulness of the "private member," whose position is now so futile and ignominious.

If it is said the change will lower the position and authority of Ministers, I should reply that, from the democratic point of view, that is one of its advantages. In any case, the rise in status of the "private member" would be very great, and this would at once attract a better class of men as candidates for Parliament. If it is objected that a Government chosen to represent not a party, but the House, could have no united "policy," I would reply that each Minister could have a policy for his own department (subject, of course, to the approval of the House), and that a political programme—if that is what is meant by a combined policy—is often a dishonest manifesto mainly intended to win a General Election for the party. Window-dressing programmes would disappear entirely. A Government would then always have Parliament and the people behind it, and would therefore be much stronger and more efficient than a Government based on the autocracy of a Prime Minister or on the insecure foundation of a party majority. Economy in administration and honest voting on all questions before the House would become possible, and all the time and temper and brains now spent on trying to turn a Government out—or to keep one in—would then be devoted to much more useful purposes. Ministers would have leisure to attend to their real duties—the close supervision of their departments—instead of leaving all this to permanent officials. Bureaucracy would disappear along with autocracy, and at last democracy would have a chance of coming into its own.—Yours, &c.,

E. MELLAND.

Alport, Bakewell.

#### THE CHARACTER OF MR. GANDHI.

SIR,—In your issue of February 11th you publish a letter by Mr. Bernard Houghton on "The Crisis in India," in which he claims that Mr. Gandhi is a man with a vision, and a true statesman who is able to deal with questions of tactics and to restrain his more hot-headed followers.

There was a time when Mr. Gandhi was the leader of a party of well-meaning, but impracticable, Indians, who were filled with the idea that India would benefit by a reversion to medieval conditions. This vision was partly inspired by writings which deliberately made out, in opposition to the truth, that the India of the Moguls was a land

in which everyone was happier, healthier, and richer than they are now. These visionaries imagined that the European civilization and education which was planted and encouraged to grow by the British race in India was responsible for all the present ills of the country; that English ideals must therefore go, and India must return to its own civilization, which was purer and sounder than that of Europe.

Was India a happier, healthier, and richer country before the English came? This question has been solved beyond a doubt by the exhaustive investigation of competent men. It is only necessary to say that while the English in India were permitted to govern according to their ideas of what was best for the peoples, and while the administrator of a tract of country was given full responsibility over that tract, and his hands were not tied by over-centralization of government, India was converted from a barren land where wealth and luxury were acquired by oppression of the peasants, where the countryside trembled under the menace of armed bands of robbers and thugs, into a land of railways, canals, schools, hospitals, roads secure to wayfarers, and Courts where justice is obtainable by rich and poor. By these alone is not European civilization justified?

Apart from all this, it is not possible to put back the clock of progress in any part of the world. To see what happens when this is attempted, one has only to look at Russia. How can India, with all its differences of race, religion, and language, succeed where Russia has failed?

So much for Mr. Gandhi's early ideals. They are very different now. Like all revolutionary leaders, Mr. Gandhi has discovered that the path of change is very steep—so steep that one who treads it cannot go his own pace because he is urged on by his own followers, who crowd closely behind. What is the inevitable fate of a revolutionary leader who is inspired by honesty and moderation? At first he is surrounded and encouraged by fellow-idealists blinded by the same vision. The atmosphere becomes filled with change; change brings unrest. And unrest attracts the violent and discontented, who join the visionaries and force the pace. The visionaries say: "Do not be violent: gain your ends by soul discipline and passive resistance to authority; defeat your enemies by moral power and compel them to give way through admiration of your ideals." The violent say: "Gain your ends at once by violence, murder, and loot—especially loot." Which is the most popular appeal? Which has most power to stir up the restless and undisciplined elements of industrial India? Which stirs most the imagination and cupidity of the Indian peasant? Which is accompanied by boycott and intimidation, against which the *individual* has no protection? The answer Mr. Gandhi has discovered for himself. In order to maintain his leadership he has been compelled to ally himself with the violent elements of his party. His vision has become clouded, and he can no longer restrain his "more hot-headed followers." If he were able to do so, riots would not have occurred at Bombay, Madras, and Bareilly, and murder would not have been committed at Gorakhpur.

Where, now, is Mr. Gandhi's vision? Where his power of restraint? On the question of tactics, perhaps Mr. Gandhi is sound. For modern history is teaching us that force, in the shape of murder, arson, and boycott, succeeds where *ahimsa*, or soul force, fails.—Yours, &c.,

N. B. P. S.

Junior Army and Navy Club.

#### THE REAL GERMAN COMPETITION.

SIR,—At a time when our rulers, in order to pay for the Premier's knock-out blow, meditate an onslaught on education, may I cite a testimony to the superior intelligence of German commercial agents abroad? I choose it from a volume entitled "Notes of a Naturalist in South America," by John Ball, F.R.S., M.R.I.A., &c., London, 1887. He is speaking of those he met with in a lengthy tour through that country. He writes (p. 309):—

"I have often been struck by the results of superior education among Germans engaged in business, as compared with men of the same class in other countries. It is not that they often merit the designation of intellectual men, and

still more rarely do they show active interest in scientific inquiry; but they retain a respect for the studies they have abandoned, are ready to talk intelligently on such subjects, and, as a rule, have a regard for accuracy as to facts which is so uncommon in the world, as much because the majority are too ignorant to appreciate their importance as owing to deliberate disregard of truth."

It is well to ponder such a tribute now, when thousands of able young Germans are turning their attention from military to commercial pursuits.—Yours, &c.,

FRED. C. CONYBEARE.

### ONE REAL PRACTICAL ECONOMY.

SIR,—Britain is a Sea Power. Her Navy is her right arm. We lose more by having an Army than we gain. The Air Branch of the Navy worked better than any other Air Force.

Let us have only a Navy with Land and Air Branches. No more War Office! What a relief for soldiers! No more Churchills! What a relief for the world!

The Navy keeps only a small number of fit men out of productive employment compared with the Army. If we have no Army, no other country could embroil us. If we have a Navy, no other country can injure us. Navy First, Navy Only, is the policy which will solve many of our problems—foreign policy, finance, and what not.

If one pointed out that the British Army has never by itself accomplished any unqualified success, it is balanced by the fact that this is true of all armies. Armies are bad things. A country with an army is like a man with a pistol—far more likely to be killed than to kill anyone. The Army is jealous of the Navy. This will always be so until there is no Army. No soldier can ever be so good as a sailor, because a sailor is a real thing and a soldier is an artificial thing. A sailor is a useful thing, a good thing. A soldier is a hurtful thing, a bad thing. Even if you want fighting, amateurs always fight better than soldiers. There is no case in history of soldiers beating laymen. In every war since the beginning of time the worst soldiers always defeated the better. The late war resulted as it did because the Germans were more soldierly than we. Look at the Colonials! Why were they better than even we were? Because they knew even less than we did about soldiering. Look at our Generals! Why are they promoted? Because they know less than the others. They never know defeat, although it stares them in the face all the time. Look at Lloyd George! No other man living but he could be pleased with the current results. He should have been a soldier, and there shouldn't be any soldiers.—Yours, &c.,

JAMES SALMON.

Glasgow.

### THE WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

SIR,—We desire to appeal to your readers on behalf of the Workers' Educational Association, which is at the present moment undertaking a campaign to lay before the nation the needs of Public Education and the grave danger involved in the proposal to reduce expenditure upon it. The Association is an educational body which unites on a common platform men and women who believe in education, irrespective of their political and religious connections. During the past fifteen years it has organized, in co-operation with Universities, Local Education Authorities, and the Board of Education, a system of adult classes which embrace more than 20,000 students. In the course of that work it has learned by experience both the keen desire for a better education for their children which exists among the workers of the country, and the grave injury inflicted on the intelligence, the health, and the morale of the rising generation by the admitted deficiencies of our educational system, which, amid general approval, the Education Act of 1918 was passed to remove.

It is the fashion in certain quarters to defend the policy miscalled "Educational economy" by alleging that there is no strong popular demand for educational reform, and that, even if there is, education is a luxury which an impoverished nation cannot afford. Such statements have one weakness. They are twenty years out of date. The truth is, as many of your readers will be aware, that several thousand children are excluded from the secondary schools every year because there is no accom-

modation to receive them, that the demand for free places on the part of children whom schools would be glad to accept far exceeds the supply, and that the general tenor of such criticism of Mr. Fisher's Act as came from working-class organizations was, not that it went too far, but that it did not go far enough. That education is a "luxury" is an opinion which is held neither by our allies nor by our enemies in the recent struggle. In the United States expenditure in education has bounded upwards since the War. From Germany there comes from every mouth the same report. It is that, amid difficulties far graver than those of this country, it is seeking a rebirth of national life and economic efficiency by the development of education.

We are convinced that there is in England a great volume of opinion which is opposed to the odious and short-sighted policy of "making the children pay for the War." But if it is to find effective expression it must be organized, and organization costs money. We venture to ask those of your readers who can contribute either financial or personal assistance to communicate with the Treasurer of the Workers' Educational Association, Mr. J. J. Mallon, 16, Harpur Street, Theobalds Road, London, W.C.1.—Yours, &c.,

J. R. CLYNES.  
JOSEPH F. DUNCAN.  
CHARLES GORE.  
HALDANE.

ARTHUR HENDERSON.  
HENRY A. MIERS.  
R. ST. JOHN PARRY.  
A. L. SMITH.  
W. MANCHESTER,  
President,  
Workers' Educational Association.

THE Editor would be obliged if Mr. R. N. D. WILSON, author of the poem "The Stag," published on January 28th, would send his address.

## Poetry.

### REYNARDISM REVISITED.

A COLOR-PRINT for Christmas. . . . Up the rise  
Of rich green pasture move quick-clustering hounds  
And red-coat riders. Crocus yellow dyes  
A patch of sunset laced by leafless trees.  
One wavering tootle from the huntsman sounds  
A mort for "most unsatisfactory sport,"  
And draws the pack's last straggling absentees  
Out of the looming purple of the covert.  
Sad trails the cadent peewee of a plover  
Above the dim wet meadows by the brook,  
While evening founders with a glowering look.  
Clip-clop; along the glistening-puddled lane  
The kennelward hoofs retreat. Night falls with rain

\* \* \* \* \*

Refortified by exercise and air,  
I, jogging home astride my chestnut mare,  
Grow half-humane, and question the propriety  
Of *Fores Torn to Bits in Smart Society*.

Spurts past me Fernie-Goldflake in his car. . . .

I wonder if these Nimrods really are  
Crassly unconscious that their Reynardism  
Is (dare I say it?) an anachronism.  
Can they rebut my heterodox defiance  
Of *Hoick and Holloa as a Social Science*?  
Or do they inwardly prognosticate  
The Last (blank) Day; green shires degenerate  
With unmolested poultry; drag-hound packs  
Racing a bloodless aniseed aroma  
While cockney Gilpins gallop in their tracks;  
And British foxes, mythical as Homer,  
Centuries-extinct, their odysseys forgotten?

\* \* \* \* \*

My friends the Fernie-Goldflakes think me mad.  
"Extinct! The idea's preposterous! It's rotten  
With every sort of Socialistic fad!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Shelley was called "an atheistic worm"  
By Goldflake's grandpapa. . . .

Stands Shelley firm? . . .

## The Week in the City.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY.

### THURSDAY.

THE announcement made on Tuesday afternoon that from the close of business on that day the sale of 5 per cent. Treasury Bonds would be suspended, was generally taken to foreshadow a reduction to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. in Bank Rate to-day, and both money and stock markets were fully prepared for the movement when it came. But it also stimulated the discussion which has been going on as to the possibility of a funding operation later on. The buoyancy of the gilt-edged market of the Stock Exchange continues, and Five per cent. War Loan has touched 95, its issue price. If it should go a point or two above this figure the right of conversion attached to the first three series of National War Bonds will doubtless be exercised, and this in itself will reduce the volume of short-dated debt. But the Floating Debt is still of unwieldy proportions, and it is at a reduction of this that any funding issue would be aimed. Tuesday's revenue statement showed a net reduction of over £23 millions in the Floating Debt. Practically the whole of this came off Treasury Bills, the outstanding total of which is now, for the first time for some years, below the £1,000 millions mark. This goes a long way to explain the continued extreme ease in the money market.

The public appetite for new issues shows no signs of being satisfied. On Monday the Shell issue for £5,000,000 in 7 per cent. preference shares at par was largely over-subscribed, the lists being closed at 11.15 in the morning of the day of issue, while the issue of £850,000  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. stock by the Swansea Corporation and the Siam Loan were also largely over-subscribed. Until a trade revival develops active business on the Stock Exchange is likely to continue, and the highest point will probably be reached just before trade activity sets in.

The City thoroughly appreciates the spirit of the Geddes Report, but is inclined to jump to the conclusion that the "cuts" recommended will, if adopted, make possible a reduction in taxation. Of particular interest to the City are the suggested termination of the subsidy to the British Italian Corporation in consideration of a lump sum of £107,200, the postponement of the Census of Production until trade is more normal, and a reduction in the provision for export credits from £2,500,000 to £500,000.

### JANUARY TRADE.

The Board of Trade returns of overseas trade for January show a striking reduction in the adverse balance. Imports were valued at £76½ millions, British exports at just over £63 millions, and re-exports at £8½ millions. The excess of imports over total exports was thus less than £5 millions, which is easily the lowest figure recorded for any month since 1914. The average monthly excess of imports in 1921 was £23 millions and in 1920 £30 millions, and the pre-war monthly average was approximately £11 millions. It is not to be expected that the abnormally low figure recorded for January will be repeated in coming months, for while the large monthly figures of 1919 and 1920 will not recur again, stocks of raw materials have fallen to a low level, and when the trade revival comes will have to be replenished, and an increase in imports is bound to follow. But a welcome feature of the January returns is the expansion in the volume of exports. As compared with January, 1921, there is a fall of £28 millions in exports of British manufactures, but this decline is almost entirely due to the drop in prices, for the volume is in most cases larger than it was a year ago. Again, coal exports in January amounted to over 4 million tons as against less than 1½ million tons in January of last year, but the value declined from £5½ to £4½ millions. The returns as a whole are distinctly encouraging in these days of industrial gloom and depression, for an increase in the export trade is the first essential of trade recovery. In the meantime, the statistics afford some explanation of the steady appreciation in the New York exchange.

### MORE RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

With the announcements made this week the list of home railway dividends is now complete. The table below supplements the figures given last week, and also includes the dividend declarations of the Underground group made on Friday last:—

	Dividend for Whole Years.			Prices Lowest 1921..	Feb. 13, 1922.	Rise.
	1919.	1920.	1921.			
Caledonian Ord. ...	3½	3½	3½	24	35½	11½
Do. Def. ...	2	2	2	4½	7½	2½
Glasgow & S. Western Def. Ord. ...	2½	2½	1	15	20	5
Great Central 5% 1894 Pref. ...	3	3	2½	25	32½	9½
Great Eastern ...	2½	2½	2½	24½	29½	5½
Great Western ...	7½	7½	7½	57½	73½	22½
Hull & Barnsley ...	4½	4½	4½	35½	45	9½
London & N. Western ...	7½	7½	7½	63½	77½	13½
London & S. Western Ord. ...	6	6	6	50	70½	20½
Do. Def. ...	2	2	2	16½	22	5½
North British Def. ...	1½	2½	—	8½	10½	2
North Eastern ...	7½	7½	7½	63½	82½	18½
North London ...	5½	5½	6	47½	67½	20
Underground Ryds. Central London Def. ...	3	½	4	17½	37½	20
London Electric (£10) ...	1½	1½	3½	—	3½	1½
City & South London ...	2	1½	3½	—	—	—
London Gen. Omnibus ...	7½	5½	8½	—	—	—
Met. Dist. ...	Nil	Nil	1	12½	23½	10½
Do. 5% 2nd Pref. ...	4	3	5	—	—	—
Underground 6% Inc. Bds. ...	4½	2½	4½	60½	72½	12

† Free of Income Tax.

No changes are shown in the ordinary dividends of the large English lines, but the Great Central 1894 Five per cent. preference stock only gets  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. as against 3 per cent., while the North British directors postpone dividends on all stocks ranking after the 1884 preference until all disputes with the Government are settled. The North London increases the rate from  $5\frac{1}{2}$  to 6 per cent. But it is in the Underground group that the principal changes are shown; in each case the rate is increased. Perhaps the most striking is the Metropolitan District of 1 per cent. on the ordinary stock, which is the first distribution since 1882, when 3-16 per cent. was paid. The accounts show that the "Common Fund," which is divided in fixed proportions among the five companies, amounts to £909,300, as against £354,500 a year ago.

### SELFRIDGES AND HARRODS.

For the first time in its history the profits of Selfridge & Co. do not show an increase on the previous year. But having regard to the nature of the company's business and to the severe declines shown in the profits of similar concerns, the decrease of only £32,300 shown by Selfridges speaks well for the business ability and acumen of the management. The profit for the year amounts to £342,700 as compared with £375,000 for the previous year, but last year's profits include the balance of sum of £90,000 reserved out of the 1920-21 profits for Excess Profits Duty and not required. Various reserve and depreciation fund allocations total £91,500, and the full 10 per cent. dividend on the preferred ordinary shares absorbs £99,500. The staff participating shares received a total dividend of 12 per cent. for the year, and the balance forward is increased by over £2,000 to £143,500. The fall in prices, which has been the principal cause of declining profits in many industrial company accounts in recent months, has, of course, been a serious problem to a business like Selfridges. It is stated that the drastic reductions in stock values made in 1920 had to be repeated during 1921, a fact which had "a most unhappy influence" on profits. Stocks, however, "have been valued at cost or less than cost, from which total has been subtracted a further substantial discount. They are worth to-day decidedly more than the figure calls for." The preliminary figures of Harrods Ltd. show profits for the year ended January 31st last of £200,300, as against £436,000 for the previous year. The Belgian business is to be closed down and £480,000 debited to reserve to provide for losses, including the liquidation of stocks. This will reduce the reserve fund to £669,100.

L. J. R.





# THE ATHENÆUM



No. 4790.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1922.

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## The World of Books.

No essayist, I believe, has ever written a discourse on "The Pleasures of Boredom," though they are often inseparable from it. The quintessence of boredom is not so much lack of interest as of mental activity, and few will deny a relish to relaxation, if, indeed, half of the happiness of life does not consist in thinking about nothing, as the happiest nation is the one without a history. The pangs of boredom are chiefly suffered when it is compulsory, and would not the most darling joys be a penance if indulged by predestination? The reason why the Christian Heaven is so trying is because it was mapped out and drawn up by people who were bound to go there. But a nicely chosen, a cultivated boredom has all the unholy delectation of a purple sin. A few weeks ago I deliberately went to see "Charley's Aunt," and I cannot describe the queer fascination of finding every scene, every word, every character even more tedious than I had hoped. Louis XIII. used to say to the ill-fated Cinq Mars: "Come, let us bore ourselves together!" No wonder he regretted him.

\* \* \*

OPIMUM dens have no attractions for me, because I know how to amuse myself more subtly by reading books of a tedium to corrupt the energies of Mr. H. G. Wells. There is something so flattering to one's self-esteem in finding a well-turned pomposity up to the pitch of one's dreariest expectations, something so soothing in the gentle plash of the tired leaves vainly breaking upon the closed door of the mind, so peaceful in skimming o'er the surface of the sentences without ever tumbling in, something so comforting in unbridled mediocrity, and so consoling in the knowledge, the proof, that there are lower levels in the follies of authorship than one has committed oneself. When, therefore, the dullnesses of an entire period are laid bare before one's jaded eyes, the pleasures of boredom gain correspondingly in range and depth. Now there are three volumes on my shelves, placed so as to intercept my eyes when I am thinking about nothing. The work is called "The Old Book Collector's Miscellany" (edited by Charles Hindley), and gathers into its capacious embrace a large number of rare sixteenth- and seventeenth-century tracts, squibs, ballads, petitions, pamphlets, and what the "Daily Telegraph" would call "Olla Podrida" of what occupied men's daily minds three-hundred years ago. An old tract, of course, is rare nowadays because of its contemporary popularity; it was so common that it got thumbed to the margin of extermination. Here,

in three leathern capsules are condensed the form, the pressure, the cut, the rig, the stamp, the shape, the fashion, the meats, the Monday-to-Saturday mental round of those Spacious Days from whose ferment rose the Race of Giants. What a banquet for lassitude!

\* \* \*

THE sun of this sparkling firmament is undoubtedly John Taylor, the ill-favored Thames waterman, a "fellow of infinite jest," who vented his spleen upon a prodigious amount of pretentious doggerel and was a very Fleet Street *de ses jours*. In these three volumes one can get melancholy drunk on a hogshead of his swipes. He writes about his travels ("The Penniless Pilgrimage," "A Kicksey Whinsey or a Lerry Come-Twang," "A Very Merry Wherry-Ferry Voyage," &c.), about "The Great Eater of Kent," who publicly consumed a wheelbarrowful of tripes, about a father who murdered his two children, about the "old, old, very old man," who lived to 152, and so on, and on, and on, until one becomes a proper *savant* in Bœotian drollery. Here is that learned pedant King Jamie's "Counterblast to Tobacco"—"a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking fume thereof nearest resembling the horrible stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless"—and I am one of those who have a weakness for the Stuarts! "The Penniless Parliament of Threadbare Poets" make laws which explain why, as legislators, Shelley calls them "unacknowledged." The murder cases are piously numerous and very spicy in detail; wiseacres shake their heads over the great snow in 1614, and the affidavits on the dragon of Horsham, shaped "like the axletree of a cart," who spat chlorine to a hundred feet, are such as to shake, if not the agreeable stupors of boredom, the most cynical incredulity. Here, too, is Gabriel Harvey's last word "to the polypragmatical, parasitupocritical, and pantophainoudendeconical Puppy, Thomas Nashe," in that famous quarrel between the scholar and the playhouse picar who Burton must have had in mind when he diagnosed the heart-sickness of Ecclesiastes. "Vinegar and Mustard, or Wormwood Lectures for Every Day of the Week," contains the railings of shrews in prose, followed by the stately counters of their husbands in verse: "Did ever man on earth lead such a life As I do with this creature called a wife?" The age of Shakespeare *s'amuse*.

\* \* \*

THERE is, indeed, a certain loneliness in being bored. But that is why its pleasure is so epicurean. So many people pretend to be interested or entertained by the things they see, hear, and read, that the splendid isolation of frankly admitting, "I am bored," "This bores me," has a savor all its own. "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought," and a discreet, a secret, a delicate occasional service to the goddess whom all flout, and dread, and execrate, and persecute, to Ennui, sister of great Melancholia, is a rite whose gall has honey in its kernel.

H. J. M.

## Reviews.

## A LITTLE MASTERPIECE.

**Disenchanted.** By C. E. MONTAGUE. (Chatto & Windus. 7s.)

WE civilians of late have acted so disinterested a demeanor, so nervous a show of having a train to catch, when old soldiers have betrayed their ill-manners by referring to the past, that publishers have been induced to believe that it is indecent to go back to the time when fine ladies were feeding rough heroes with strawberries, and staunch but careful patriots resolutely formed the unbreakable ranks of the indispensable industries. Yet I fear it is quite certain that the men who have been saving it up will see that we get it. They never did know when they were beaten. Their long silence, at first ominous, has been giving us of late the comfortable idea that it was all right after all, and that they had not noticed anything. But how if they are only getting their breath back, after their first shock of surprise over us?

There is one old soldier for whose written word on the war some of us would have made personal supplication long ago, had we not been shy in the presence of an artist so distinguished, who then happened to be an officer of a peculiarly reserved and dutiful kind. How often have I turned from the anarchic gossip of the mess after dinner about the fire of a house where sometime it was my luck to sit in France, to see Captain C. E. Montague, in a chill corner rather obviously isolated from us, upright and stiff in his chair, and his mask as rigid as that of a Guards' sergeant on parade; and wondered what he thought of it all! I never dared to ask him. He wore the royal symbol; he was my senior, yet had served as a ranker in the trenches; and a man more finical and bleak in points of honor I hope never to meet, for such a mind makes the accommodating soul of the sophist jolly uncomfortable. I could tell some good stories of Montague; but no, thank you. I may meet him again some day. Yet there is a temptation to do it, for here is that book of his we would have prayed for, had we thought prayer would have conjured it out of him.

What a thing it is to begin a new book by a writer whose first words show you who is master there! And how much better still it is to discover soon a weakness in this master, and to like it. Montague, one finds, is a sentimentalist, such as few of us dare to be, for we know what smiles may come to objective and intellectual critics. If he does not suffer fools gladly, still he is patient. He is a humanist, cheered by simple delights, touched by appeals so plain that they have always moved guileless humanity, often to its woe, and he is affected by the life of the humble. Well, Anatole France is a sentimentalist (scorned by some of our cleverer youngsters), and so was Dickens, and so was Lamb. Why, Montague's eyes must have sparkled when he heard the bugles bray for the fight for freedom; and we have heard it whispered that he then dyed his hair, and went to persuade the recruiting officer that he was a game chicken. Forth he went to rescue Belgium for God, and all that. His warm and simple heart assured his scholarly and fastidious mind that statesmen could not lie in so serious a pass; England, dear England, would be a better place for victory. Anyhow, the point is that the war credentials of C. E. Montague would have satisfied even the professional chowers of glass and the looters of bakers' shops. Could one put it higher than that? Yet here he is now, telling us—well, look at the title of his book!

"Disenchantment" is to me the finest essay in English which has come out of the war. There are pages in it which would adorn any anthology exclusively devoted to the great tradition of our prose. Indeed, Montague, with this book as his title, is a master of our tongue, and the greatest ironist we have. Often when reading him you are unaware that you are transfixed—being delighted with the ease and brilliance of his play—till in a start of surprise you turn and see his blade is beyond your spine. This book, too, cannot be neglected by any student of the society of our own times, for "Disenchantment" is a subtle analysis of formative things in our midst. It is, however, a work of

art, because its form is deliberately designed, and is austere maintained, never deflected by very evident temptations to the purple. He passes by the terrific drama of the battles of 1916, 1917, and 1918, with barely a glance, straight to the next thing. He has a task harder than the making of battle pictures. He wants us to see the outer world of those days in the only place where it really mattered; as dubious shadows in the minds of the "heroes." He has to show the precipitation of the impalpable, doubts creeping in, doubts that would not go, but increased, and darkened, and chilled the heart, till the ardor and faith of the crusader died, and he knew he was a fool and a victim, and was doomed. Our author shows us men beset by the enemy in front, and enveloped in a darkness of lies, forced to watch their comrades fall through the incompetency of the privileged, and the indifference of that Society Col. Repington has revealed to us shaping our destiny between the soup and the coffee. Yet, is may be asked, why point it out?

A nation cannot go out and hang itself like Judas, it is true. On the whole, perhaps, we would rather pay a tax of six shillings in the £ than do that—and six shillings in the £ is a terror, too, looming as large as any war cemetery. One can see Montague's irony, which in this last book of his is but a mask for intense and revolutionary emotions, having about as much effect on the people for whom it is intended as once had the cries of the stricken they never heard. For they won't hear Montague, either. They don't read such books. One can imagine the committee of Big Business men, for instance, which lately has been grinding an axe, sitting in collaboration on "Disenchantment," and wondering what on earth it meant. A full, refined, and sensitive intelligence is rather a futile thing in these days of major interests. Yet it may be that Montague's book is not addressed to us at all, but to an audience not yet come. It is wrought in the enduring material of a classic, and with a thought for the commonweal, out of an experience which, while it is being endured, is but between a man and his stars. One is very glad Montague joined up and went through it. After reading "Disenchanted," one has a feeling of relief, because at last what was dumb in Flanders has spoken. This book is a witness for those who have no voice; who are "silent, being dead."

H. M. T.

## AN ENGLISH MOLIÈRE?

**William Wycherley: sa Vie, son Œuvre.** Par CHARLES PERROMAT. (Paris: Alcan. 20 fr.)

It is a curious and sobering coincidence that at the moment when the English Press has been busy with the tercentenary of Molière, of all the great French dramatists the one most sympathetic to our taste, a French author should have published a substantial volume on the life and work of the dramatist who has been called the English Molière—William Wycherley. Wycherley is, of course, not the English Molière; there is no such person. Congreve, who in some ways is almost as good as Molière, is quite different, while Wycherley, who had more affinity with Molière and certainly imitated his work, is too coarse in grain to be fairly compared to him.

Still, if the French critic finds no difficulty in mentioning Wycherley and Molière in the same breath, it is perhaps a little supererogatory for an English one to object. It seems like looking a gift horse in the mouth. An English Molière! We could do with one, indeed. And yet, for sanity's sake, we are compelled to refuse M. Perromat's generous offer. We accept his book with gratitude, but not his estimate of his author; and even in refusing this, we have no quarrel with his enthusiasm. It needed enthusiasm to write a book of 440 octavo pages on "Manly Wycherley." Most people would have been hard put to it to make an essay of him. And yet, without going so far as to say that M. Perromat's pages are all lively reading, we can safely assert that he has done the work for Wycherley once for all. No one else will ever want to write a book about him again.

M. Perromat is persuaded that Wycherley is a neglected author; he thinks he has been unfairly treated, and brings

forward the great names of Macaulay and Taine to justify his view. Both these great critics ran amuck on the subject of Wycherley, it is true; it is also true that they are both rather old-fashioned nowadays. They have not lasted, as critics, so well as Coleridge, or Lamb, or Hazlitt, or even Leigh Hunt. And in England Macaulay, for all the brilliancy of his special pleading, is very light metal compared to the combination of those four. Coleridge and Lamb asked for a fair hearing for Wycherley; Hazlitt and Hunt exalted him. One may say that Wycherley went to Hazlitt's head, for he declared that "The Country Wife" was superior to the "Ecole des Femmes," which is pure nonsense. Wycherley has been given a fair chance during the last hundred years. The verdict has gone against him. There is no resurrecting him now.

Wycherley is dead, not because he is monstrously coarse, but because he is unreadable. Very likely he is eminently playable still; but he is too coarse to be played except by a private society behind a sported oak. Curiously enough, the very qualities which make "The Country Wife" and "The Plain Dealer" unreadable nowadays, a massive woodenness, a kind of hidebound inelasticity in the dialogue, suggest that his talent was really theatrical. Qualities which remind us so directly of Ben Jonson are pretty sure to be effective on the stage. But Wycherley cannot get on the stage nowadays; neither, alas! can Congreve. If he is to endure he must stand the test of reading. Congreve emerges triumphant; Wycherley succumbs. He is simply boring.

"The Gentleman Dancing-Master" is interesting, because it is concerned less than either "The Country Wife" or "The Plain Dealer" with contemporary manners. Perhaps that is one reason why it is more pleasing. But it has what no other of his plays has—what no play of Congreve has not—charm. Its charm is, however, of a very particular kind; it is a specifically Molièresque charm. It has something of the gay, irresponsible beauty of the "Ecole des Femmes." And this is strange; for in "The Country Wife" Wycherley deliberately imitated Molière's play, while he got the plot of "The Dancing-Master" from Calderon. But Mrs. Pinchwife is not even a remote relation of the enchanting Agnes: Hippolita is, at the very least, her tomboy cousin. Moreover, besides the atmosphere and the chief character, there are some touches of real Molière comedy. When Don Diego Formal and Mrs. Caution, by their interruptions of each other, supply Gerrard with a whole series of excuses for his presence with Hippolita, we recognize the hand of the master: it is comic, and it is true.

"The Gentleman Dancing-Master" failed. Perhaps because it had to be played before a city audience, as the epilogue tells us, for the gallant Caroline first-nighters were away in the Dutch wars. We cannot imagine a houseful of City fathers taking kindly to the outwitting of the eminently respectable merchant, Mr. Formal, by the penniless and delightful Gerrard. But when we think of the plays with which Wycherley managed to renew his first success—"The Country Wife" and "The Plain Dealer"—it looks very much as though it failed simply because it was not bawdy enough. It belongs to a different kind from the others. It is English enough; Hippolita and Gerrard definitely belong to this side of the Channel. But it is not tainted, for ordinary consumption, by a procession of women who are nothing but lecherous Yahoos; and the dialogue, within the limits of Wycherley's natural stiffness, is lively and pleasant.

I believe, on the evidence of this play and its failure, that Wycherley succumbed to his age. It shows that Wycherley had at least a faint chance of becoming an English Molière, but that Caroline England did not want one. It wanted someone to supply it with "The Country Wife." Hazlitt thought "The Country Wife" a masterpiece. It is a perfectly cold-blooded piece of nastiness. We are quite willing to believe that a riotously amusing farce might be written on the theme of a man who pretends to be a eunuch in order to seduce his friends' wives wholesale. To pretend that sculduggery cannot be amusing is simply fanatical. But it has to be exuberant; it has to be animated by the Aristophanic *Weltnichtungsidee*, as the Germans call it. With explosive good humor the comic giant blows the world sky-high. But Wycherley is neither exuberant, nor

explosive, nor good-humored; he is not creating a world, he is simply portraying a society. He is not playing an exquisite game, as Congreve was; he is making a record. At least we may try to believe that that is what he was doing; but one comes to suspect that he was laboriously fishing for a laugh with the only bait a Caroline audience would swallow.

For these very substantial reasons it is impossible that M. Perromat's yet more substantial work should have the effect of changing Wycherley's relative position in English literature. But he deserves our gratitude for insisting upon Wycherley's achievement as an originator. Wycherley was, after all, the precursor of Congreve and Vanbrugh—the latter a really neglected dramatist—of Sheridan and Oscar Wilde; and he was, no doubt, a finer man than his work. More than this, we believe that if he had had the luck to be born twenty years later, he might have done work comparable to Congreve's. But Wycherley had to make his way when society was profligate without being elegant, and the ears of the groundlings could only be tickled if you shouted point-blank indecencies into them. It is only Pepys who prevents us from thinking that society as boring as it really was.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

#### A STATESMAN BISHOP.

**Life of Bishop Percival.** By WILLIAM TEMPLE, Bishop of Manchester. (Macmillan. 18s.)

THE Bishop of Manchester has done what was not an easy work with sympathy and judgment. The distinguished man of whom it is a record occupied a somewhat solitary position; and belonged in certain respects to a past, in others to a future, age. He was, perhaps, more like a good man than a clergyman. Not, of course, that these classes are mutually exclusive, but that their perspectives differ. He had a passion for righteousness, but he was indifferent to the questions that generally interest the clergy, and saw them from another than the clerical point of view; while his religious outlook was rather that of a well-informed and reasonable man than of a theologian. His studies had not been on theological lines; and his busy life as a headmaster had brought him into contact rather with men and affairs than with speculation. And, while this made his intervention in Convocation and other clerical debating societies like the opening of a window in a stuffy room, it put him at a certain disadvantage: he was not at home in their air.

Percival's temper was that of an autocrat; and he was too exacting to be, in the common sense of the word, popular. And he could be hubristic: "We felt," said Bishop Gore, then a Fellow of Trinity, "that a great, strong, righteous will was expressing itself among us with profound astonishment at our being content to be such fools as we were; and this was to me very bracing." On some a different impression was left. "Do you like Percival's sermons? I can't bear them," said one of his assistant masters at Clifton to another. "Why not?" "I dislike being kicked." "No doubt you do; but he's always trying to kick you upstairs; and that is something." If, however, he was exacting with others, he was more so with himself: since Arnold no one else has done so much for Public School education; and, coming a generation later, he was able to accentuate the modern note which Arnold had been the first to strike.

At Oxford he laid stress rather on the note of education than on that of research, regarding a University "as primarily concerned with turning out men who would truly serve the nation." Here he stood with Jowett, and against Pattison. The quarrel is an ancient and, perhaps, an unsolved one. "There are no such enemies to learning as the educationalists," is a remark attributed to a stalwart of the latter school, whose advice to a college tutor was, "Don't you start working for your pupils. If you once start working for your pupils, there's no end to it." Percival's moral earnestness, which was the dominant note in his character, made dilettantism of this kind repulsive to him; the maxim of the scholastics *Bonum est diffusivum sui*



was his guide. Nor did he confine it to the province of education:—

"He took an active, and even vehement, part in general politics. But it was always with what seemed to him definitely moral issues that he concerned himself. He often regarded as a matter of moral principle what was to most men a matter of expediency; and his general outlook led him as a rule to claim moral sanction for the Liberal solution of the question in hand."

His advocacy of Liquor Reform was the more effective because he was not a total abstainer; he introduced legislation, unfortunately without success, against "spurious sport" and gambling advertisements; Free Trade was for him at once a principle and an axiom:—

"For my own part I look upon this retrograde agitation with the hard-hearted policy of preferences, combinations, trusts and corners, which it subserves, as the newest form of that oppression of the poorer and weaker classes which every minister of the Gospel is bound to oppose, if he truly understands his vocation and responsibility."

And:—

"Every laboring man who may be induced or persuaded to give his vote for any advocate of these Chamberlainite proposals can, it is to be feared, only be said to be a fool for his pains."

His attitude towards the Labor Party was at once sympathetic and critical; he approved of their aims, but was often in opposition to their methods: he was not, frequently as he was accused of being so, in any sense a party man. He was neither mediocre nor pliable; he possessed a certain Puritan austerity of outlook; he did not "suffer fools gladly"; and he was probably thought too big and too uncompromising a man for the greater Sees. His presence on the bench was, however, a protest against the curious ineffectiveness which characterizes English religion. Thoughtful men sit loose to the Churches; the half-educated go off into childish superstition or shallow scepticism; while more mischievous and more offensive than either is the convention which would enforce a double standard both of knowledge and of veracity—the one for the clerical, the other for the lay mind. This convention is a novelty among us; and with Bishop Percival one of the most conspicuous and consistent representatives of the older tradition disappeared.

#### "TEARS, IDLE TEARS."

**The Hope of Europe.** By PHILIP GIBBS. (Heinemann. 15s.)

A DERISIVE note of Samuel Butler's has checked for ever our habit of covering a friend's mistakenness by saying he means well. We are not fully convinced it is the very worst thing one can say of his fellow man, but there is so much in the idea that never again can we confer the phrase as a consolatory prize. It is not the worst thing, but the best, that we ardently wish to say of a writer like Sir Philip Gibbs, now patently seeking the right path and expressively friendly towards liberal ideas. But he does make it difficult. Because a man is wrong when he is wrong, he is not therefore always wrong; but why, when Sir Philip Gibbs is right, do his conclusions make us feel uncomfortable?

We have ourselves said hard things of the Elder Statesmen who solved the problem of perpetual motion in continuing the war through the peace, so that the War to End War could go on everlastingly. But what is one to make of statements on the same page that the "leaders of the old tradition" led their peoples into degradation by appealing to "the lowest instincts in human nature, and not to the highest. Deliberately they chose the lowest," and also that these same leaders "put out the best that was in them, but it was not good enough—not big enough, without virtue"? The best they could do was to show the way to degradation! And what virtue should one expect to find in an appeal to the lowest instincts?

The trouble, we feel, is Sir Philip's taste for the flamboyant and romantic. Emotionalism has settled on him. Judgments spring from his torn and troubled heart. When his reason at times insists upon having some say in the matter, it merely confuses the issue. He is impeded, too, by a facility of phraseology. This verbal fluidity

is astonishing, but it does not encourage one to embark upon it for a very long voyage. Though, as to that, it may be only our icy cynicism (suspect by Sir Philip) that prompts us to step back from the stream when this sort of thing comes along:—

"God! Here I was in the company of those who held the keys of knowledge and the power of fate in this great drama of tragic history."

"That is the chance of Youth, standing now at the open door, wondering what there is to do, and which way to take to meet the future. God! If I had youth again, I should like that good adventure, and take the chance."

Sir Philip reminds us pretty frequently that it is his particular business as a journalist "to observe below the surface." But this burrowing does not always result in clear vision. Since the war he has travelled in America and over the stricken field of Europe. He has studied the lives of the great and lowly, and his distress at what he has seen would move the austere Prohibitionist to urge him to have a few and cheer up. Yet his book is about hope, the hope of Europe. We were wondering when the light would break through, after his indictment of the leaders and the led, for it seems there is little to choose between them, when, suddenly and illogically, it appears:—

"Everywhere, in all classes and in all nations, the spirit of the people is rising, claiming new rewards, a bigger share of life's good gifts, and seeking some way of escape from the eternal menace of war. . . . They will produce their own leaders. It is the hope of Europe."

Also, we are told that the "malady of our strife is incurable until the Old Men pass away and Youth leaps into the saddle." But he gives no evidence for nursing this hope; indeed, his pictures of what youth and age are doing would make one despair. He is very severe about the lack of knowledge, in statesmen and working men alike, of economic truths; but we find nothing to convince us that his own knowledge of them is deep and wide. More acquaintance with them would suggest to him that it is unprofitable to discuss economic ills with phrases of emotionalism; that they can be met only by economic remedies; and that all the sentiment in the world will not change the inexorable course of historical development.

Tribute should be paid to Sir Philip's sincere desire for a civilization which is worth the saving, and his honest hatred of all that contributes to the evils of to-day. But what he has given us is not a reasoned indictment and a policy; it is merely a note of anguish.

#### FOUR NOVELS.

**Sidonie.** By PIERRE COALFLEET. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

**The Haunting.** By C. A. DAWSON SCOTT. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

**Mr. Paul.** By GERTRUDE BONE. (Cape. 12s. 6d.)

**Adrienne Toner.** By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. (Arnold. 7s. 6d.)

"SIDONIE" is declared by the publishers on its "wrapper," and by the author in his preface, to be a "true story." Certainly it bears a close resemblance to the stories that garrulous women with fringe nets tell at a late hour of the evening; but what relation those stories bear to truth is another matter. "Sidonie" contains all the things common to these life histories: violent lovers, unprovoked jealousies, pure motives, noble sacrifices, outraged innocences, undeserved misfortune, and the persistent disagreeableness of all other women to the teller of the story—all these are here, together with the gaps, the yawning gaps, that inevitably occur in these narratives. Such stories are doubly entertaining when a little scepticism is added to sympathy in the listener. Mr. Coalfleet—or should it be Miss Coalfleet?—unfortunately has no scepticism. He never seems conscious of the full implications of any scene that he describes. As a result we are more aware of the things he has left out than of the things he has put in, in this sentimental history of how a Savoy peasant-girl became, from a starving vendor of watercresses, an important landowner in her native village.

Sidonie in her confession is like Evelyn Innes, who became eloquent when she spoke of her carnal sins, but who, when she came to matters of faith, felt the matting under her

# Constructive Birth Control.

The C.B.C., Society for Constructive Birth Control and Racial Progress, desires that the socially helpful nature of the work on which it is embarking may be realized so that the community may take full advantage of it. The objects of the Society in Clause 3 of its Constitution are worded as follows:

"The objects of the Society are (a) to bring home to all the fundamental nature of the reforms involved in conscious and constructive control of conception and the illumination of sex life as a basis of racial progress; (b) to consider the individual, national, international, racial, political, economic, scientific, spiritual and other aspects of the theme, for which purpose meetings will be held, publications issued, Research Committees, Commissions of Enquiry and other activities will be organised from time to time as circumstances require and facilities offer; (c) to supply all who still need it with the full knowledge of sound physiological methods of control."

Those who are unacquainted with the recent literature on this theme may not realize the full meaning of the word "Control" and its value to the Race. As was pointed out at the great Queen's Hall Meeting, from which the Society sprang, Control should not be *merely* repressive, and it is just as much the aim of Constructive Birth Control to secure conception to those married people who are healthy, childless, and desire children as it is to furnish security from conception to those who are racially diseased, already overburdened with children, or in any specific way unfitted for parenthood.

The Society desires to bring before the Community the fruitful suggestion that the time has now arrived when the wasteful and agonizing results of haphazard production of babies in excessive numbers by the unhealthy and the poverty stricken can not only be quelled at its source, but definite constructive hope is offered to the homes, alas! too often empty, in which sturdy citizens of high character may be reared.

## SIGNED BY:—

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knees. Sidonie gives a disproportionate share of her attention to her lovers. We believe that a pretty, poor girl with a living to earn is likely to be persecuted with amorous attentions; but we do not believe that they would all be of so barbarous a kind as the ones recorded here. There are a round dozen of men in this book, everyone of whom attempts to seduce or to ravish Sidonie. The letter "R" or "S" might have been appended to each masculine name and the following events left to the reader's imagination. Even the man who gets into conversation with Sidonie on the long railway journey is not omitted—"a man of almost sinister respectability."

Mrs. Dawson Scott, also, is more interested in the amorous adventures of her characters than in any others, even when those others include committing a murder and seeing a ghost. This is a pity, because "The Haunting" is really an excellent sensational novel and love is a subsidiary theme in it. Mrs. Dawson Scott writes too fluently about love. Her men and women sidle towards embraces like "six-pences" in a child's stirred cup of tea. The preponderance of plump women with ripe mouths in "The Haunting" makes the thought of Grisel MacVitie, who is not described except by her name, particularly refreshing. We like to think of her as chaste and rather angular "off." Love scenes, however, are not the only things about "The Haunting" that seem to us irrelevant. We learn that it is one of a series of novels on Life's Handicaps. There are, in Mrs. Dawson Scott's opinion, four handicaps in life: Circumstance, Heredity, the Inexplicable, Chance. The present novel illustrates the Handicap of the Inexplicable. Gale Corlyon murders his brother, and it spoils his life. Mrs. Dawson Scott's idea of inexplicability is not ours. On her title-page is the quotation: "Nothing but infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of life." Surely a more appropriate quotation would have been: "Many a man has dated his ruin from some murder or other that perhaps he thought little of at the time."

"Mr. Paul" has been written very carefully. It has been printed on thick white paper and illustrated with good woodcuts. Mrs. Bone's theme is entirely unsensational: it is the attempt on the part of a village baker, a narrow, grasping, punctual man, to oust the local 'bus-driver from his living. Fortunately, the 'bus-driver, who is a thriftless, unpunctual man, has a sister who enables him to make a second start in life with a "vegetable round." But before this happens much bad blood has been created. Mr. Paul, the minister, has appealed to better natures in vain. Passion runs high. A booby-trap intended for the baker causes mortal injury to Mr. Paul.

Mrs. Bone has a grave and tender love for country landscape and for human goodness of the old, uncomplicated kind; but we feel that in "Mr. Paul" she has wasted fine stitchery on poor material. In attempting to reveal spiritual beauty through such a story as this, she has attempted the impossible. This is partly because her spiritual standards are a little unreal. Mr. Paul is actually commended for giving his mother a birthday present on his birthday. Mrs. Bone has, we think, forced beyond its natural limit her interest in this village community.

Behind the work of Mrs. Anne Douglas Sedgwick we feel the force of intellect. The effects that she produces are intended effects. Adrienne Toner herself is a being whose like has never before been created in fiction. Mrs. Sedgwick in creating her achieves a triumph. She is a unique personality, whom we seem to know as if we had encountered her in real life. We should not in the least enjoy such an encounter. Mrs. Sedgwick never makes Adrienne what is called "charming." It is through critical and hostile eyes that we first see her, through them that we see the adoration of the county family of which she makes havoc, through them that we reluctantly acknowledge her greatness. We are shown her mother before we see Adrienne herself. Mrs. Toner is described by a very different sort of American—for in this book we have again the delightful Jamesian clash between English and American:—

"Dressed in the Empire period: Marie Louise of Prussia, white gauze bound beneath her chin. She had a harp and warbled on it to monarchs. She had a Yogi and a yacht, and everything handsome about her."

Adrienne carries on her mother's tradition, in spirit if not in appearance. She believes in her own goodness, in her power of doing good, in God, in herself. She talks platitudes, quotes Browning, always finishes her sentences, has a voice "like the unrolling of a pale blue ribbon," the self-confidence of a religious teacher, and cures headaches by laying her hand on the brow of the sufferer.

Mrs. Sedgwick never minimizes the boringness and absurdity of Adrienne. To her English characters the author is kinder. She has something of the Jamesian awe of English tradition. It is Adrienne who bears the full brunt of her mockery; and other people are more sentimentally and less solidly realized. Yet it is with Adrienne that we sympathize all through the book.

Into this novel the war comes as an integral part—not as an event of recent years brought in for the sake of verisimilitude. It helps to destroy Adrienne's self-conceit and to break her heart. It enables her to use her real goodness and healing power—to become a kind of saint. The only weaknesses of the book are two. Mrs. Sedgwick uses certain devices of circumstance, an overheard conversation and a significant dream, which we have met with more often in fiction than in life; and she falsifies Adrienne's nature, we think, in trying to find excuses for Barney's estrangement from her. Barney would have found an incentive for disliking Adrienne in the suffering he had caused her. People are like that—quite nice people. In attributing spite to Adrienne, Mrs. Sedgwick offers up one of her Jamesian pinches of incense on the altar of the English Gentleman. The finest quality in Mrs. Sedgwick's work, however, is its irony, an irony that never appears interferingly in its sentences, but that manifests itself in the final pattern of the book. To say this is to say that Mrs. Sedgwick captures the pattern of life.

## Foreign Literature.

### THE LAST VIKING.

Den siste Viking: Roman. By JOHAN BOJER. (Christiania and London: Gyldendal.)

JOHAN BOJER's new book, "The Last Viking," is an epic rather than a novel. It ought to take an enduring place in Norwegian literature, for it is an incomparably vivid record of a picturesque and heroic phase of Norwegian life, which has recently passed away. The motor-boat has entirely transformed the cod-fisheries of the Lofoten Islands, which used every winter to attract such multitudes of fishers from the whole long line of the west coast of Norway that they formed a community by themselves, with laws and customs, an executive, a police, and a magistracy of their own. Cod-fishing, no doubt, goes on, but it is an industry, not an adventure. The fisherman no longer chews his quid, but smokes his cigarette, and belongs to a trade union. And the coming of the motor, as Bojer beautifully indicates in his title, has snapped a historic chain which took us back more than a thousand years. For the Lofot-boat was, both in structure and in function, the lineal descendant of the most wonderful craft that ever sailed the sea—the Viking-ships of Olaf Trygvason and of Ganger Rolf. It was the Viking spirit which, year after year, carried these droves of Norwegian peasants, in their open boats and in the dead of winter, hundreds of leagues northward and southward to their trysting-place in the storm-swept Vestfiord, behind the huge, yet all too scanty, breakwater of the grim, grey Lofot-wall. At home, on their little patches of soil between the mountains and the sea, they could barely support existence; they could no longer set forth to harry and loot the rich coastlands of the South; but the sometimes unimaginable shoals of cod that came in year by year from the Atlantic to the Lofotens offered them the chance of wealth and the certainty of change, adventure, excitement. It was a great gamble, this Lofot-fishing. Lean years alternated with fat, and sometimes did not even alternate, but trod upon each other's heels. The possible prizes, however, seemed large in the eyes of these simple folk, and the very hardship and



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danger of life on the fishing-grounds appealed to that age-old instinct which has made Norway, one of the smallest of nations on land, one of the greatest on the seas.

Providence was kind to Norwegian literature in sending a man of genius upon this great adventure before the old heroic order of things had passed away. And its kindness extended, not to Norwegian literature alone, but to the literature of the sea. Conrad himself has given us nothing more masterly than some of the episodes in "The Last Viking." But it is not in mere episodes that the greatness of the book lies. Every page is alive with the color, the taste, and the sting of salt water. Bojer's painting, no doubt, will come home most intimately to those who know the stern fascination of the Norwegian coast, with its labyrinthine selvage of skerries, its cyclopean rampart of granite foot-hills, and its gleaming skyline of snow-peaks and glaciers. But the greatness of the book lies, not in its local color, but in its profound humanity. We move entirely among primitive, inarticulate people, who have their failings, even their vices, in plenty; but they have unflinching courage, inexhaustible endurance, deep, though undemonstrative, affections, and an instinctive code of comradeship that touches the sublime. The central figure of the epic is Kristaver Myran, owner and master of "The Seal." Inarticulate he is, in the highest degree; he rarely opens his mouth, and, when he does, he says nothing in particular; yet we feel, when he is at the rudder of his boat, that he is more than a fisherman, he is a sea-king, "and the boat is a long-ship which has sailed down to us from the grey depths of an immeasurable past." Such drama as there is in the book consists of the struggle between the lure of the Lofotens and the land-loving, seahating instinct of the "wives and mithers maist despairin'" who see, in the harvest of the wintry islands, not "halesome farin'," but "lives o' men." Lady Nairne sang the great song of the fisher-folk; Scott, in "The Antiquary," touched briefly, but with a master hand, upon their tragedy; it has been reserved for a poet of the kindred seafaring race to express the whole tragedy and comedy of the theme, to paint its reality and interpret its ideality in a noble epic.

A word upon the language of the book may perhaps be allowed to one who, though no linguistic expert, has a great love for Norway and a great desire that she should find the true solution for her linguistic problem. To call Bojer's language "Danish" is mere nonsense. It can no doubt be understood without much difficulty by Danish readers; but no one could read three sentences of it and suppose that it was written by a Dane. Furthermore, it is impossible to believe that any peasant in the remotest valley of Norway can find it "foreign" in the sense of being either incomprehensible or unsympathetic. Does not this mean that Bojer, like Hamsun and other leading writers of this generation, has actually attained the only rational end of the separatists, and has given Norway a language which is characteristically her own, without cutting her off from her great literature of the past century, or from the main current of European culture? In so far as the "Maalstræv" has contributed to this end, it has justified itself. Is it possible for the well-wishers of Norway to go further, and to hope that she may succeed in adding to her geographical seclusion a new literary remoteness, by means of the forced cultivation of an idiom, not lacking, indeed, in virility, or even in beauty, but to which a certain tinge of rusticity inevitably clings?

WILLIAM ARCHER.

## Books in Brief.

**The Rise of the Quakers.** By T. EDMUND HARVEY. Sixth Impression. (Free Church Council; and Friends' Bookshop. 2s. 6d.)

THIS little book is the fifth volume in the series on "Eras of Nonconformity" published by the Free Church Council. The author, Mr. T. Edmund Harvey, is perhaps better known to the general reader as the Warden of Toynbee Hall, and the late M.P. for West Leeds. But his gifts as a historian need no other demonstration than this issue

of the sixth impression of his history of the rise of Quakerism.

The writer who seeks to give a succinct account of these early years must be embarrassed even more than he is helped by the wealth of material at his disposal. From the first days of the Society, George Fox recognized the importance of the preservation of its records, and the Library at Devonshire House is a unique storehouse of information in the form of private letters, journals, "papers," and minutes of "Sufferings," dating from the Protectorate. Sewel, the first official biographer of Quakerism, compiled these records of his contemporaries in two folio volumes: it was Mr. Harvey's task to compress them into 180 small octavo pages. The work of selection has been done with a reverent hand, and with so unerring an instinct for the vital matter that the little volume shows no trace of omission, nor even of compression. Within the narrow space allotted him, Mr. Harvey has captured the romance of the early years of militant Quakerism: the biography of George Fox, which forms the connecting thread of the story, has lost nothing of its attractiveness, and one feels on every page the inspiration of the words and deeds of that practical mystic.

But the story of the Rise of Quakerism is the story of the development of the cardinal doctrine of the Inward Light, a subject which lends itself with difficulty to synoptical treatment. Mr. Harvey's lucid chapter on the "Message of Early Quakerism" lays bare the heart of the Friends' gospel and gives in a few words a satisfying exposition of their central teaching. How that doctrine worked like leaven through every class of Puritan England—where religion was already the ruling preoccupation; how it aroused the fury of "priests and professors," who saw themselves menaced in all their dearest prerogatives, till in the two years which followed the Restoration no fewer than 3,068 Friends had been thrown into prison; how danger without and disaffection within forced the isolated bodies of Quakers into a close union of brotherhood and a system of organization which has stood the test of more than two centuries—all this Mr. Harvey relates in a book of ecclesiastical history which is as thrilling as a novel and as inspiring as a call to arms.

\* \* \*

**Charterhouse in London: Monastery, Mansion, Hospital, School.** By GERALD S. DAVIES, M.A. (Murray. 25s.)

THE history of Charterhouse takes us back to the fourteenth century. No living man is more closely associated with Charterhouse than the present Master, who was imbued with its history even in his boyhood. His work is no hastily compiled story, but has grown from long study and has been pieced together in leisure times over a long period. It is a detailed and scholarly chronology, and is full of interest and movement. The story of Charterhouse as a monastery ended with the suppressions by Henry VIII., and its last prior was John Houghton, who, with two other Carthusian priors, was executed at Tyburn. There were strange rumors of that day. "It was said," writes Mr. Davies, "that Henry himself had been one of the masked horsemen of high degree who had watched the scene, and in the long and deadly drought which fell upon the crops that summer it became a common saying that it had not rained ever since the Carthusians died." Thomas Sutton was the founder of the Charterhouse as a guest-house for gentlemen "fallen into decay" and the education of forty boys. The gentlemen guests were to be "servants of the King's Majesty, either decrepit old captains at sea or on land, soldiers maimed or impotent, decayed merchants fallen into decay through shipwreck, casualty, or fire, or such evil accident," &c. Mr. Davies's intention was to end the history with the school's removal out of London in 1872, but by delaying its publication (it was finished in 1914) he has been able to add a Roll of Honor of the 3,800 Carthusians who took part in the war.

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Sir Theodore Chambers, Messrs. W. R. Lethaby, G. L. Pepler, Raymond Unwin, R. L. Reiss, and C. B. Purdom have restated the case for the true faith in this book. It answers the question: What is a Garden City? Unscrupulous builders have adopted the name, but Mr. Purdom shows that the thing itself is nowhere to be seen at present, except at Letchworth and Welwyn. The formal definition is: "A Garden City is a town planned for industry and healthy living; of a size that makes possible a full measure of social life, but not larger; surrounded by a permanent belt of rural land; the whole of the land being in public ownership or held in trust for the community." The size of the town is important: large enough to contain a diversity of industries, but not too large for a full measure of social life. Mr. Raymond Unwin argues that it is better to add to the number of towns than allow them to grow beyond this limit, and he believes the most satisfactory and efficient size lies somewhere between a population of 50,000 and 100,000.

\* \* \*

**Labor in Transition.** By WILLIAM AYLOTT ORTON. (Philip Allan. 10s. 6d.)

IN 250 pages Mr. Orton gives a careful, impartial, and well-balanced account of industrial events and their reactions on Labor policy since 1914. Fuller documentation would have improved the book for reference purposes, but its accuracy on matters of fact appears to be beyond question. In a brief epilogue Mr. Orton turns from the task of history-writing to discuss the general Labor situation at the end of the coal stoppage. This section deserves a larger publicity than it is likely to get as a mere appendage to a record of war-time industrial changes, but the style would need to be simplified to attract working-class readers. "The greatest iniquities have arisen, not by sudden enactment, but by gradual cumulation, and as concomitant by-products of positive material advance," is a fairly typical example of Mr. Orton's method when he leaves the narrative form. He suggests that the stage of efficiency reached in the organization of employers makes a "national lockout more feasible than a general strike." This fact, he thinks, must impel the workers to strengthen centralized control, with the result that while disputes will be rarer they will be more devastating. He criticizes impartially both employers and trade union leaders, but whereas he sees merely negative faults in the union officials—narrowness of outlook, for instance—he denounces many of the exploitation activities of employers as calculated positively to jeopardize the interests of the community.

\* \* \*

**The Designers of our Buildings.** By L. COPE CORNFORD. (R.I.B.A. 5s.)

MR. CORNFORD was an architect before he abandoned that profession to become a writer. Mr. W. J. Locke, who writes a foreword to Mr. Cornford's valuable history of the R.I.B.A. and the designers of our buildings, was for nearly eleven years secretary of the Institute. He blames the Press chiefly for the public ignorance of the authors of buildings. To every paper, he insists, there should be attached an architectural critic as well as critics of books, music, painting, and drama. "The architectural critic should give a reasoned criticism of every building of importance erected in the country. He should give the name of the architect. He should hammer the name of the architect into the brain of the public." He pleads for the restoration of architecture to the proud position it enjoyed in the days of Michael Angelo and of Jacopo Sansovino. On the same point Mr. Cornford suggests that means may be devised consonant with the dignity of the profession to acquaint the public with the work of architects in general and in particular. "Had public opinion been rightly informed," he writes, "the Government after the Great War would not have ventured to ignore the counsels of the Royal Institute concerning the State Housing Scheme; and had the advice of professional authority been accepted by the Government Departments, many millions of public money would have been saved, and the nation would have been provided with the houses it required."

## From the Publishers' Table.

WE are reminded by the editors of "a new method of editing the classics"—G. K. Chesterton, R. Brimley Johnson, and Holbrook Jackson—of Carlyle's comment: "All a University can do for us—teach us to read." We will not add to the shock of that sensible statement by remarking that it is doubtful whether one person in a thousand knows how to read. But the "Readers' Classics," under their wise and sprightly editorship (publisher, Cedric Chivers, of Bath), should go some way to repair this. The first four volumes have been issued—"David Copperfield," "Ivanhoe," "Vanity Fair," and the "Essays of Elia." We have examined with great interest "David Copperfield." It is a very pleasing volume to look at and to hold—a real book in binding, paper, and type. There is no doubt, too, that the appreciations by famous authors and critics which form a considerable section of the volume add to its value. Anatole France, Alice Meynell, Andrew Lang, G. K. Chesterton, Matthew Arnold, Taine, and many others, really give a reader exact knowledge of the achievement of Dickens. G. K. C. points out, for example, that Dickens should never have made Micawber a mayor, in Australia or anywhere else. Micawber, like a child, was always a success in life because his hope was indomitable, and the future, to which the wise never come, was his splendid abode.

\* \* \*

It will surprise the modern English authors now famous, who owe so much to that untiring and selfless monitor and enthusiast for letters, Mr. Edward Garnett, to learn that their sponsor has himself never published a book on the American side. American readers, too, who have Garnett to thank to a great extent for the pleasure they have had from the works of English writers now enshrined, and never knew it, are now to be given a chance by A. A. Knopf, of New York, to learn something of him, from "Friday Nights," a volume of literary criticism.

\* \* \*

WE note from the always interesting "Reader's Index," which we receive from the Croydon Public Libraries—Croydon is honored by one of the best free libraries in the country—that during the months of October and November last the total number of works issued was 112,969, a daily average of 2,678. Children borrowed 18,974 volumes. The librarian points out that this is a record.

\* \* \*

A CATALOGUE which might prove unduly exciting to a student of physical science has been issued by Henry Sotheran & Co. It annotates and classifies the libraries of the late Professor George Carey Foster, F.R.S., and Professor Pierre Duhem, de l'Institut; and the libraries of other well-known scientists.

\* \* \*

THE full history of the Society of Jesus from its foundation has been written by the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S.J.—"The Jesuits: 1534–1921." We understand it is to be issued at once by The Encyclopedia Press, High Holborn, at 25s.

## The Drama.

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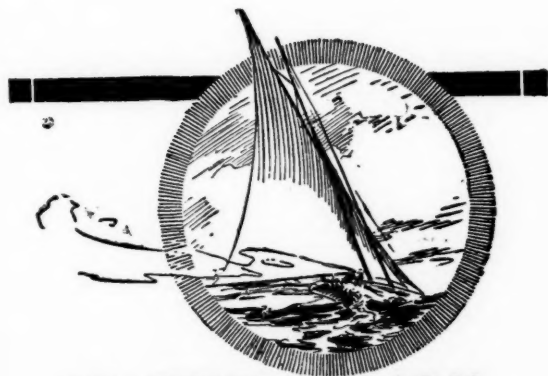
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A RECORD YEAR.

THE twenty-seventh ordinary general meeting of the Home and Colonial Stores Ltd. was held on the 9th inst. Sir Charles E. G. Philipps, Bt., who presided, said it was particularly gratifying to the directors to present a report of such a satisfactory nature as that now submitted, marking as it did a still further improvement on the results of any year in the history of the company. The net profit for the year was £309,875, and with the amount of £31,643 brought forward from the previous account, there was a total available of £341,518. They had placed to reserve, as usual, 10 per cent. of the net profits, namely, £30,987, and the reserve fund now stood at the substantial figure of £532,689. They recommended the payment of a final dividend of 1s. 9d. per share on the 400,000 Ordinary shares, making, with the interim dividend, 15 per cent. for the year, and also a special bonus of 2s. per share. They were adding £10,000 to the benevolent fund and setting aside £25,000 to provide for income-tax, leaving £46,531 to be carried forward. It was a matter for congratulation that the valuation which had been made of the company's plant, machinery, fixtures, fittings, and freehold and leasehold properties largely exceeded the present book values. It was not proposed to utilise the excess either as capitalisation or in payment of dividends on the share capital, as the weight of legal opinion was against either method, but by writing down the item of goodwill. According to the "Times" review of the year, food prices fell from 178 per cent. to 95 per cent. above the pre-war level. In a business such as theirs, with nearly a thousand branches, each branch of necessity carried a certain amount of the various commodities they sold, which, at a minimum, must in the aggregate amount to a very considerable item. Taking these conditions by themselves, falling markets were not calculated to benefit the shareholders, especially as the directors had never departed from their policy of giving to the company's customers the full and immediate benefit of any fall in prices. But it was just by means, and as a result, of that policy, coupled with the high standard of quality which characterised the goods sold by the company, that they had attracted an ever-increasing number of customers, with the further result that they were able to record a large increase in the volume of their trade and, as a direct consequence, a satisfactory increase in the profit realised. With regard to the year upon which they had now entered, these were not times in which to indulge in the luxury of prophecy, but as they had made a good beginning he, at any rate, felt justified in hoping for the best.

The report was unanimously adopted.

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either of a family group or of a chain of social and moral characteristics. The first method he applies to fiction, the second to drama. Each requires an orderly mind, a wide and prudent observation, a close and powerful technique—above all, the gift of spiritual discernment. Few will deny these qualities to Mr. Galsworthy. Who writes better? Who can be more dignified, more classical in manner, or fashions his theme with a more skilful, more deliberate hand? Who feels more keenly, and, building a habitation for men, never fails to write over the portal—"This is the house of the soul"?

And yet one's final reflection on Mr. Galsworthy is that he is a very reserved writer, and that even his passion and function of pity, the grand motive both of his character and his literary life, is held in balance, and runs steadily and powerfully, but not to the heroic issue. Shelley's and Tolstoy's indignation at the cruelty, the want of understanding, of the modern State, has much the same root as his. But they go on to a complete renunciation of social values; their quarrel with the social order is to the death. Not so Mr. Galsworthy. He criticizes, he protests, but he also qualifies. The nearest approach to an overflow is "The Silver Box," and yet that is the quietest play that Mr. Galsworthy has ever written. So with "Justice," now being played at the Court. "Justice" is rather less human than "The Silver Box"; more typical of a social state, and less centred in a single figure of simple and profound significance. One feels that it ought to have been Mr. Galsworthy's greatest play. In subject it is. By no accidental choice the author of the most wonderful book ever written took justice for the exordium and the text of his work, knowing it to be man's final quest on earth and the touchstone of all his social failures. Most of the great moderns pursue Plato's theme; indeed, they never leave it for long. "Surely," says Gogol's Murazoff, "we commit injustice at every step and are at every instant the cause of the misery of fellow-creatures, even when we have no evil intentions." And if there was ever a temperamentally just man and writer, Mr. Galsworthy is he.

How, then, does it happen that "Justice," an impressive, poignant, and deeply religious work, a play that every Judge on the Bench should see and tremble at, just falls short of a masterpiece? Maybe the action is a little too formal, the *mise-en-scène* too local and English. But fundamentally the trouble is that the powerful impulse of the play, while carrying its creator far, has not carried him quite far enough. One feels that the figure of the unbalanced Falder is too slight and too specialized to carry the weight of the theme. He is crushed; and his fate is a cruelty and a shame. But Falder's tragedy is a minor one; to the eye of average enlightenment, it may well seem that our monstrous law, our more monstrous prison system, does greater evil than this. That is the reason why the play, fresh in its essential criticism, dates a little. Since it was written, science has written an emendation or two even on the criminal code. Falder, going as a sheep to the slaughter at the hands of a Judge and Jury of 1912, might have been given first offenders' law in 1922. The neurologists would certainly have voted him to be a case of psychic "shell-shock," and it is within the bounds of faith to believe that a living Judge would so have charged the Jury.

Nevertheless, "Justice" remains a truthful and a noble play. And its indictment is far from commonplace. Mr. Galsworthy thinks about the State as the Christian and the revolutionary have always thought about it; that it has a carnal mind, at enmity not only with God but with human nature. And he knows, as all students know, the vanity of its criminal and penal procedure. Our prisons do not reform criminals; they make them; our Judges, who fill their dark recesses, never visit them, and their sentences are immoralities unpardonable in a functionary entrusted with the greatest of all moral offices. Impossible to have this concept more delicately suggested than in the trial and prison scenes of "Justice." The employer who prosecutes Falder, the Judge who sentences him, the prison governor, the prison chaplain, the prison doctor, who

torture and finally destroy his soul, are all conventionally good people; when it is too late one of them even tries to blunder back into charity. They are hunters, enjoying the chase, or joining in it from a sense of duty to society. The quarry is a simple, amorous boy, with a kink. The kink, nurtured in prison, swells into a death-malady. There was no reason why it should; hundreds of boys are like Falder, only luckier, or with a trifle more self-restraint. Only, says Mr. Galsworthy, society would have it so. Well, society, especially judicial society, had better repair to the Court Theatre and there bethink themselves what they do when next they run a foolish boy to death, or to worse than death.

H. W. M.

## Music.

### THE VIOLIN IN MODERN MUSIC.

MISS MARIE HALL has done a Quixotic thing. Some time ago she wrote to the papers asking for new and unpublished violin sonatas by British composers. True, there were sonatas by Bax, Delius, Elgar, Goossens, and Ireland—modern works of which any country might be proud. But they had been performed and published; and Miss Marie Hall wished to come forward and do what she could for those whose work was unrecognized and neglected. Something like two hundred sonatas were sent to her, and the three most presentable specimens were played at her recital last week. Composition (as was said the other day) is, for most English musicians, the concentration of the will and the intellect upon refractory material; and the composers of these three sonatas had evidently found the material refractory. It would be going too far to say that their music was neither modern nor conceived for the violin; but they left the impression of taking little interest either in contemporary musical thought or in the sort of music which the violin can play. Mr. Percy Sherwood's Sonata in C minor made no attempt at modernity; it was an honest and not altogether unsuccessful piece of writing in the style of twenty-five years ago. The composer had evidently tried to think in terms of the violin as well as of the pianoforte; but he hardly succeeded in preserving the balance between the two instruments. The suite for violin and pianoforte by Mr. Gordon Bryan had more pretensions to modernity; but you do not make modern music by adding notes to quite ordinary chords. In rhythmic and harmonic design the first two movements were nothing out of the ordinary; and the third movement, in which the mask of added notes was dropped, revealed the composer in his true colors.

The third violin sonata on the programme had raised expectations. It bore the name of Rutland Boughton, and one had imagined that something of the fragile beauty and poetry of "The Immortal Hour" would have been exhibited in this work also. But expectations were disappointed. The Sonata in D major is an unimaginative piece of work which (as played "with the composer at the piano") showed few traces of beauty or poetry, or even of the capability of writing music for the violin or the pianoforte. There is little sense of balance of any kind in the work; the violin was perpetually borne down and smothered by the pianoforte, and in the last movement Miss Marie Hall, with her beautiful style and her beautiful Stradivarius fiddle, was only overheard on one or two occasions. There is, it might be said, "stuff" in the work; but it is stuff which is not always the composer's own. It is not difficult to think of modern or unpublished violin sonatas obviously not sent in for inspection. One of them is the sonata by Mr. Armstrong Gibbs; another is that by the author of "Impressions that Remained."

The three sonatas in which Miss Marie Hall sacrificed herself were alike in one respect: their treatment of the violin. They were works conceived for the pianoforte, "with an accompaniment for a violin";



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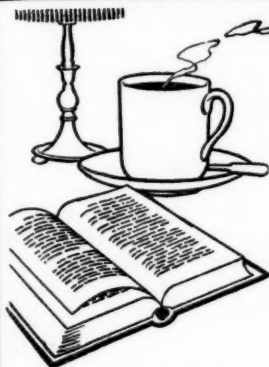
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and one might almost have added (as publishers did at the end of the eighteenth century) "for a violin or German flute." Except for a few chords and double stops put in for the sake of appearances, two out of the three sonatas played were hardly violin music at all. This is true to a certain extent of all recent violin music; it does not make use of the things which fiddles can do, and other instruments can't. One of these is the playing of chords. You can, of course, play much bigger chords on the pianoforte; and on the new instrument with two keyboards which Mr. Donald Tovey has been demonstrating to us, an incredible quantity of notes can be struck at the same time. But chords on the violin, viola, or 'cello cannot possibly be played so that all the notes begin at the same instant; and that is their great virtue. The fact that, on the fiddle, part of a chord must be sounded before the rest of it, produces a very definite effect on the rhythm of the passage; indeed, the object of chords on the fiddle is not so much to fill in the harmony or suggest the counterpoint, as to give a peculiar catch to the rhythm. The chords in Bach's sonatas for violin solo and in the best old Italian violin music are deliberately placed at points where a slight catch in the rhythm is necessary. If you heard anyone trying to whistle the beginning of Bach's "Chaconne," or the slow movement from Tartini's beautiful Sonata in G minor (not the "Devil's Trill"), or even the last movement of the Brahms concerto, it would sound ridiculous or even unrecognizable unless the whistler made a noise to suggest the *appoggiatura* effect of those big chords across the strings. They give a curious vital throb to the rhythm, and no other instrument can give it so well as the violin.

Yet most modern composers do not realize this. Very few of them are violinists, and many of them declare roundly that the violin is not suitable for modern music. Since the time of Debussy, music seems to have been moving in the direction of the guitar, and "twangling" instruments tuned on a different system from that of the violins, violas, and 'cellos to which we are accustomed. Contemporary composers who have written music for the violin have hardly ever succeeded in making it speak a modern musical language; they leave all that to the accompaniment. One of the few exceptions (in English music at all events) is Dr. Vaughan Williams, who, in "The Lark Ascending," has written a violin part which not only speaks his own language, but could be recognized as his even without the orchestra. The widening in the outlook of modern English music which has taken place in the last twenty years depends, of course, partly on the rhythmic and harmonic innovations of Debussy and the Russians, but still more on the discovery of modal folk-song and the revival of madrigals. The violin should be able to cope with the new music; and can, on all sides except that of harmony. Tuned as it is at present, the fiddle can play only a limited number of chords and arpeggios; can it be tuned differently? In the eighteenth century this was done by violinist-composers like Tartini, and still earlier by Biber, who was a contemporary of Purcell; but in the eighteenth century, owing to difference of pitch, the violin was not such a high-tension instrument as it is at present. Yet less than a hundred years ago Paganini was indulging in the most daring *scordature*, never letting anyone know how he tuned his fiddle before he came on to the platform; and there are pieces of his, still part of the stock-in-trade of many living violinists, which can only be played when the G-string is tuned up to B flat. It rests with competent professional violinists to say how much can be done in this way without taking risks with a delicate instrument like the violin.

The future of violin music depends on the friendship between composers and violinists: on the power to realize the possibilities of the instrument, and the imagination to make it express new things in a new way. Violinists are by nature conservative, for they have had to learn to do all kinds of tricks on what is probably the most difficult instrument that was ever invented. But no avenue to progress ought to remain unexplored, even if it means a slight change in tuning, and all the technical complications which would result from it.

Miss Marie Hall was assisted at her concert by two groups of songs sung by Mr. Gilbert Bailey. He has an enviable ease of production, good diction, and knows how to sing English. Dowland's "Come, heavy sleep," rescued from oblivion by Dr. Fellowes, is a great and noble song, while Parry's "Lover's Garland" shows in a beautiful way how the composer could look back to madrigals and at the same time forward in the direction of the long lines and free rhythms of modern music.

J. B. T.

## Exhibitions of the Week.

**The Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers:** 5A, Pall Mall East.

**Grosvenor Gallery:** Exhibition of Drawings by Muirhead Bone, A. St. John Partridge, and John Wheatley, with some Paintings and Etchings.

**The Goupil Gallery:** New Paintings by Mark Gertler.

THERE are no great names at the Painter-Etchers' Exhibition, yet over a large part of the work of these artists lies the shadow of a great name—that of Alphonse Legros. This master craftsman seems to have had a far-reaching influence on the English etchers of the present generation. The natural austerity of his mind produced a certain dryness of style which is unhappy in other hands. Most of this work as drawing is excellent, but as etching it tends to be a little chilly and dull. Moreover, it is a style which tends to ignore the peculiar power of suggestion inherent in the vivid etched line. It is possible, of course, to go too far in this direction: "The Tumble," by Blampied (No. 10), is a mere sketch; the suggestion is there, but the power is lost. However, there is much that is excellent here: Mr. Martin Hardie shows some good etchings, and Mr. Marriott's Italian plates are sound and scholarly. Mr. Rushbury's work gains greatly on acquaintance: the "Course de Toros" (No. 94) is a most satisfactory plate. As a whole, however, the exhibition is a little disappointing; the prevalent style seems cramped and constrained. Two etchings by the late Claude Shepperson, though intentionally light in quality, look very fresh in their surroundings.

Messrs. Colnaghi always collect interesting and able subjects for their exhibitions, and this one is no exception. Mr. Muirhead Bone's lighter work—more especially his drawings of Norway—is most attractive. There are many excellent examples of his better-known manner—that exact and reproductive style which yet has an extraordinary power of discovering the nobility and grace of buildings. But his lighter washed drawings of landscapes are less familiar, and many of them are of a singular beauty. Mr. Partridge has a very different talent. He is a bold designer with a gay sense of color that is a little apt to become sentimental. But he is a fine artist: some of the Venetian scenes especially are very lovely.

Mr. Gertler has grown more and more single-minded, and the original intention of his work is unmistakably apparent in these new pictures. There are, after all, many varied delights at the disposal of the painter, some of them being different manifestations of his main engagement, others perhaps less legitimate effects—inseparable accidents only of his craft. All of these Mr. Gertler has at last sacrificed to Form, and Form only, in all its portentous "significance." There is no painting in these pictures. Their dull, deliberately *matte* surface excludes all the dash and rhythm of the brush. The color is negligible. But a few of these pictures are really imposing. The "Irish Yew" (No. 17) is heavy, almost dull, but it is undeniably impressive. So, again, is the "Manor House" (No. 13). Some of the Still Life, more properly so called—all these examples are really Still Life—especially the paintings of china, show a welcome and arresting touch of imagination. Nearly all this work reveals great power and concentration, but it is a frozen and lifeless world to which the painter introduces us. The portraits seem quite definitely mistakes: the human cranium is not interesting as a piece of "Still Life."

E. S.

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